

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A FAMILY AND ITS ADVENTURES

FATE OF A FLYING HERO

A Name That Stirrs Great
Memories of the Past

GIANT BEATEN BY A MIDGE

We have lost another man bearing an illustrious name and a heroic record. Count Jacques de Lesseps, the famous airman, missing since the end of October, is dead, fallen on the scene of his last flying enterprise.

He left Gaspé, Quebec, to fly 150 miles away, and must have been carried straight to death, for his body has at last been found in a lonely spot on the north-west shore of Port-au-Prince Peninsula, in the extreme west of Newfoundland.

Great Bird Man

So ends a career which was marked by exploits that dazzled us when flying was a new art. De Lesseps was the second man to fly the English Channel; his was the first aeroplane to fly round New York's Statue of Liberty; he had carried out sterling feats of aerial exploration in Canada, where he so astounded the Red Indians that they made him honorary chieftain of the famous Iroquois tribe, with the title of Great Bird Man.

The De Lesseps family has been famous for over a century, not merely in connection with the building of great canals, but in diplomacy and for an unfading love of adventure.

The great Ferdinand de Lesseps' father was so notable a character that his son was educated as a son of the State, and at 30 was a consul-general. At 43 he was French Ambassador to Spain.

At the Barricades

It was then that the romantic fibre of the family revealed itself in the future engineer. Just as he was about to start for Spain a revolution occurred in Paris, and the Bolsheviks of the capital, as we might now call them, looted the Tuileries, stealing, among other treasures, the jewellery which one of the Spanish princesses had deposited there. Ferdinand refused to go to Madrid without the stolen goods.

Given an official authority for their recovery, he found that the treasure was in the hands of the revolutionaries, so off to the barricades he went. There he found mobs of the rebels, ragged, unwashed rascals, some with wounds heavily bandaged, all ready to take his life on the least provocation. Yet he handled them like sheep, got the jewels, and found on the scene a shirt-sleeved student named De Montaut, whom he afterwards made his chief engineer in the making of the Suez Canal.

We boast some good political novels, but none to compare with the actualities of the life of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Once 13 Spanish officers were to be executed in Spain, and a lovely Spanish

Bound for 1928



A few more hours and Old Year will be behind us. We are marching to another stage of our journey through Time. What will the New Year bring us?

girl of Scottish descent fell fainting at the feet of the queen, before whom she had vainly pleaded for their lives. Then she turned to De Lesseps.

The amazing Frenchman succeeded where the future Empress Eugénie had failed. His extraordinary powers of fascination prevailed over even the iron-like rigidity of the Spanish Court. "Ferdinand," said the Spanish Prime Minister, "you may be off, with these thirteen men in your pocket," and they were all saved. Such was the man who built the Suez Canal in the face of opposition comparable with that which Columbus had had to endure.

But this master of men encountered his master in a midge. His gigantic scheme for the Panama Canal was defeated by the malarial mosquito, which slew his men in thousands, brought all his work to wreck, ruined thousands of families, overthrew Governments, and actually brought a cruel sentence of imprisonment upon the man

who planned the great scheme which in later years others were to accomplish.

In diplomacy, in adventure, in war, in self-sacrificing heroism, there is always a De Lesseps in the modern history of France, and if we probe the movement which redeemed Italy from slavery and made her a nation, behind the figures of Mazzini and Garibaldi we find a De Lesseps, a modern Don Quixote in top hat and frock coat.

Jacques de Lesseps, now gone to where the heroes are, was true to the breed; he died a hero's death, mapping the wastes as the immortal Ferdinand linked the oceans.

A RICH LADY'S YACHT

A very wealthy woman in Philadelphia has spent £400,000 on building a yacht that will keep a practically even keel in the roughest sea. Though less than 300 feet long, the boat is equipped with a 25-ton gyroscope, the largest ever built for a private yacht.

POMPEII NEWS OLD CITY COMING TO LIGHT

The Life That Passed From the
World in a Single Night

SAD STORIES WITHOUT WORDS

Little by little more is coming to light of the treasure buried when Pompeii was overwhelmed by Vesuvius. Last year an exquisite Greek statue was revealed; now one of bronze has been found in the house of Epehebus.

On the day of the disaster the statue was swathed in sheets and other protective material, and was placed beneath a stoutly-roofed apartment, ready to be redeemed when the dreadful rage of the volcano should permit the owner's return. There was no such return.

The famous Street of Abundance has yielded new finds. One house, that of P. Paquius Proculus, had its cellar stored with wines; the main entrance was guarded by a girl, who seems to have been combing wool as death descended on her.

An Uneaten Meal

Proof of hasty departure was found in the dwelling of M. Fabius Amandio, three of whose bedrooms contained the jewellery left in the flight of the family; and in the kitchen was the very meal that had been cooked, but left uneaten, on that fatal morning.

Close by is a tavern with jugs, pots, and a crystal-glass set out ready for service. Next door is a house in which the entire family perished. There they lie, pathetic skeletons, six adults and a little child. This is the house of Amandus, a priest, and in the garden are roots of the vines and trees which gladdened the sight before the fiery deluge came.

The new discoveries are sadly fascinating and recall to the mind some earlier ones—that, for example, in the Villa of Diomedes, where 18 women and a child, with abundant food and drink, took refuge in the cellar. The family vault, with Diomedes in it, is on the hillside, but death found the women in the house. The fine, burning dust drifted through openings into the vault. The occupants veiled their heads in wrappings, but they were buried in the ashes.

The Gladiators

There was another unforgettable revelation some time ago at the Barracks of the Gladiators. Around the building were cells in which victims, probably intended for the arena shows, were chained; three skeletons with iron stocks for their feet were found there; and in an adjoining chamber, used as a prison and store for gladiators' weapons, were 63 bodies.

If we knew their story, if we knew the story of any of these new discoveries, what a thrilling supplement we should have to the famous letter in which Pliny describes the catastrophe.

ONE LIFE FOR SIX

The Chivalry of Edwin
John Orchard

AN EAST END KNIGHT ERRANT

We have been asked to tell the story of Edwin John Orchard, who has just passed away in East London. His true place is in the Gallery of Young Heroes.

When Orchard was only 12 he saved someone from drowning, and in three years he saved five more lives. His last rescue was made on October 4, 1924, when he ran from the football field to help a boy drowning in the River Lea. Orchard was a fine athlete and perfectly fit, but three days after the rescue he suddenly collapsed in school. The shock of plunging into the icy river when he was hot and exhausted from the game had been too much for him, and for three years he lay in bed suffering from a disease of the heart brought on by rheumatic fever.

After being an inmate of three hospitals Orchard was sent to his home in East London, and when a fund had been raised to send him to a convalescent home he was too ill to be moved.

On the Roll of Honour

Orchard's story came to the ears of the Carnegie Hero Trust Fund, and although it is not their custom to give rewards for deeds performed three years before they waived the rule in his case. The chairman of the fund came to the boy's little bedroom, where Royal Humane Life Saving Society certificates hung on the wall, and told him that his name had been added to the Hero Fund's Roll of Honour. He also presented Orchard with a silver watch as a token of admiration for his courage.

Not many hours passed before Edwin died, aged 17. He had loved life, and especially he loved games, but for the last three years this footballer and cricketer had been an invalid. He did not complain, for he had saved no fewer than six lives, and he thought the price was not too heavy.

This schoolboy hero deserves to be remembered with the knights of old who also were willing to die for the sake of people in distress.

THE GENEVA WAY

To a Table or a Battlefield?

A very dramatic and hopeful thing has happened in Europe.

One morning a few weeks ago the world was suddenly confronted with a threat of war. Two new States, Poland and Lithuania, who had never agreed about the frontier between them, were on the verge of marching against each other, it was said. There was a shadow of war over Europe.

But the two countries did not march against each other. They marched to Geneva instead, and there they laid their quarrel before the League of Nations.

They have not settled their quarrel; it will be a very difficult quarrel to settle. But one thing they have decided: *They will not fight about it.* Lithuania, who had refused to make peace ever since Poland seized Vilna, has agreed to make peace now, and Pilsudski has ordered *Te Deum* to be sung in all the Polish churches. They will discuss their differences later, and the League will give what help it can.

That is what the League does for the world; it substitutes negotiation for warfare. It brings quarrelling nations to a Table instead of to a Battlefield.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Budapest Boo-dah-pest
Diomedes Dy-o-me-deez
Iraq E-rahk
Mosul Mo-sool

The Betrayal of the Crystal Palace

EXTRAORDINARY POSITION

Shall the Children's Pleasure-House Be
Transformed Into a Gambling Den?

THE GROSS ABUSE OF A NATIONAL TRUST

A very grave question has arisen which, apparently, is to be left for the public to decide.

The trustees of the Crystal Palace have taken a step which, in the opinion of those best able to judge, will turn this famous pleasure-house into a centre of demoralisation.

The matter is one of great public importance. The Crystal Palace was brought some years ago to the verge of bankruptcy. Its attempts to cater for the public had long been feeble and almost pitiful. The youngest of us cannot for ever be crying *Oo-oo* at fire-works, and the entertainments at Sydenham were apt to remind us of the Stone Age. It was not surprising that the Crystal Palace found itself faced with a serious crisis.

Once a Home of Good Things

But the great glass house has a great tradition, and it was not allowed to come to ruin. It has a tradition that goes back seventy years, when the Palace was first set up in Hyde Park as the home of the Great Exhibition which was supposed to usher in a reign of peace and goodwill among nations.

When the Palace was removed to Sydenham it was set up on the splendid hill which looks across to the towers of Central London, and South London was proud of this new home of culture, as the Crystal Palace rightly claimed to be. It has reproductions of famous statues and tapestries and buildings and prehistoric creatures. It has grounds that are famous for their beauty, and it is the home of the Handel Festival. It still has a fine name as a palace of good things, and it is worthy of a heroic effort to save it from destruction.

A blow at its destruction is now threatened, and it comes from the trustees themselves, who propose to turn this famous place into a sink of iniquity compared with which the Rooms at Monte Carlo would be respectable. They propose to establish a greyhound gambling track in the grounds of the Palace.

To Make a Bookmaker's Holiday

Everybody knows that greyhound racing is not a sport. It is simply an excuse for gambling. The Parliament of New South Wales has prohibited betting at greyhound races. So has the Parliament of Victoria. So has the Government of Spain. They will not have this new social menace thrust upon them, sapping the character of millions of people while thousands of bookmakers grow rich. In one night's greyhound racing the actual racing takes less than four minutes; the rest of the time is spent in betting.

What is so extraordinary about the attitude of the Crystal Palace trustees, who are widely divided on this subject, is that they are acting in utter defiance of those public bodies who saved the Palace from ruin. It was the local bodies round about the Palace that came to its rescue. In return the trustees threaten to flood the neighbourhood of these local authorities with a nightly betting crowd such as no decent neighbourhood wants.

The position is truly remarkable. For many years the Crystal Palace was a cause of public anxiety; now it has become a source of new and quite unexpected apprehension—and anger. For three years before the war and for two years after it constant efforts were

made to raise a public fund to save it, and at last the necessary sum was realised, partly by private gifts, but mainly from public bodies, such as the London County Council, the Corporation of the City of London, and Croydon Corporation; Croydon alone provided the splendid sum of £20,000. Now the trustees propose utterly to ignore the views of all these authorities.

The plan seems to ordinary people one of the most extraordinary ever put before the public. The Palace is the property of the nation; the civic bodies who helped to buy it are vehemently opposed to the scheme; yet the chairman of the trustees (who as Lord Mayor of London appealed for the funds which saved the Palace!) says his board is within its legal rights and will make the greyhound track. The home of our greatest musical festivals, the scene of famous exhibitions appealing to lovers of music, art, science, and industry, is to enter into competition with places which exist mainly for dog-racing, with places which were actually formed for no other purpose than to provide facilities for betting.

No one has a word to say against mere dog-racing, but we all know that this new amusement is promoted, not for love of the contests themselves, but because, with its almost nightly meetings, it has become the most fruitful source of betting in the whole world.

The Racing Crowd

The police have told us that a thousand bookmakers nightly attend the races of greyhounds at the White City, and we know the quality of the company that moves in attendance on bookmakers. Sir Abe Bailey, one of our most prominent racehorse owners, has laid it down that, while not all race-goers are rogues and vagabonds, all rogues and vagabonds seem to go racing.

It is a racing crowd that the trustees of the Crystal Palace seek to lure to Sydenham, Dulwich, and the neighbourhood. The district has grown up very largely under the influence of the famous Dulwich College and its associated schools, and it is into the midst of these thousands of scholars, their teachers and relatives, that the hordes who follow betting are to be introduced.

The position is an astounding one: an institution bought with public funds, for public enjoyment, is to be degraded into a racing den, in spite of indignant protests by the Corporations of the City of London and Croydon and by Dulwich College, in spite of manifold petitions made by local bodies and private residents.

A Test Case

Legal action is to be taken, if necessary, by the bodies and persons named. If the trustees have the right to flout public opinion the matter will probably be taken to Parliament. Dulwich College will not lack financial backing for the legal effort which it is to make, and we hope that all the forces opposed to the scheme will have the good sense to meet in conference and march together under joint leadership.

We have here a test case. It has to be decided whether a band of trustees given temporary control of a national possession can defy public opinion and plunge a respected institution into disrepute, robbing the children of one of their most famous playgrounds and turning it into a service of shame and degradation.

THE BONFIRE OF CHERRY VALLEY

A Tale to Warm the Heart

In Cherry Valley, so pleasantly named, the dwellers by the turnpike road have just made a bonfire which will warm the hearts of all who love the beautiful things of the countryside.

They have burned all the advertising signs which deface the hills, the hedges, the fields by the sides of this old American road.

This turnpike is one of the treasure-holds of historic relics of the United States, as precious in its way as the Roman roads or the Icknield Way to English people. It leads westward from Albany and Cazenovia, where Hiawatha had her home, to Syracuse, and it was the first of the fine turnpike roads that led through the cleared forests more than 120 years ago.

A Bit of History

Generations of farmers jogged along it on their way to market, log cabins sprang up in the wooded avenues and stumpy clearings, year by year the tracks over the hills were graded, corduroy lengths of road stretched farther and farther along—the story of the Cherry Valley road is a bit of the history of the industrious, energetic, determined Americans.

Then came the motor-car, and that improved the road too; but after the car came the advertiser, and the Cherry Valley road to him was only a good place to shout to the passing throng to buy his wares. The louder he could shout the better he was pleased, and a year ago the views from the famous road could hardly be seen because of the placards of "Hot Dogs and Ice-Cold Pop" and "Cheap Lunches" and "Oil and Gas for All" which blotted out the landscape.

A Record Bonfire

So at last the infuriated inhabitants of Cherry Valley, through which the turnpike runs, collected their own cars, piled them up with axes and crowbars, and sallied out to do battle for their own fair land. They started before dawn, and in the mists of morning strange sounds were heard as the boards were torn down from trees and strange wooden animals by the roadside were splintered to pieces.

The Sun rose on an impressive stack of fuel piled high on the town common of Richfield Springs. Hundreds of signs wrenched from their perches and flaring wooden posters sprawling upside down were propped against the funeral pyre.

At night the Cherry Valley inhabitants collected to see the finest bonfire of the century. The flames roared skyward, the bells were rung, and all joined in joyous chorus to celebrate a new Independence Day. Cherry Valley was liberated from its horrors.

THINGS SAID

A hundred is 128 in the egg trade.

A witness in court

I think the modern girl perfectly splendid.

Mrs. Fawcett

Shakespeare is your best ambassador in Egypt.

Egyptian Minister to an Englishman

It is easier to write books than to sell them.

Mr. Arnold Bennett

My own wonder is that the boys of London slums are as good as they are.

Bishop of London

Few broadcast messages are more appreciated than the announcer's cheery *Good-morning* and *Good-night, everybody*.

A listener-in

If the income tax ever becomes civilised we shall be allowed something for what we spend on books.

Lord Ernie

The history of the Earth may be broadcast to Venus millions of years hence.

Mr. J. B. S. Haldane

KEEPING THE TRAFFIC MOVING

NEW YORK'S NEW TUNNEL

A Great Engineer and His Wonderful Way for 2000 Cars HOW THE AIR IS KEPT PURE

New York is making a magnificent effort to solve the problem of keeping her traffic moving. Some years ago the State of New York and that of New Jersey agreed to appoint a single authority to deal with the growth of New York City in all directions. Tremendous developments of communication were planned, one of the chief aims of which was to see that Manhattan Island, the core of the city, should no longer have to give passage to goods with which she has no direct concern.

A Great Engineering Problem

But the most pressing need of all was to improve communications with the New Jersey shore, and to that end a new up-river bridge and a new down-river tunnel, ten miles apart, were planned.

The bridge is still in the future. The tunnel was opened to traffic the other day. It consists of two tubes, eastward bound and westward bound. Each is a mile and three quarters long, and each will take nearly 2000 motor-cars and lorries every day. The roadways are 20 feet wide between the kerbs, and will take two lines of traffic while still leaving room to deal with a car that has broken down. The ceiling is 13 feet above the roadway, leaving room in the tube, above the ceiling and below the roadway, for ventilation.

This matter of ventilation was the main engineering problem of the enterprise. Think of the exhausts of 2000 motor-cars in a passage 13 feet high! It is for his solution of that problem that the constructor of the tunnel will be famous in engineering history.

An Englishman's Discovery

He had to discover what amount of carbon monoxide was given out by each exhaust, what degree of air pollution by carbon monoxide was injurious to health, and how quick a change was necessary in the atmosphere of the tunnel to prevent that degree of pollution from being reached. The greatest experts in America were set to work to supply data, but their starting-point was the discovery of an Englishman, Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, that no one could live for an hour in an atmosphere containing more than four parts of carbon monoxide to 10,000 parts of air.

It was found as the result of experiments that a current of air with a velocity of 72 miles an hour would be required to keep the atmosphere clear. Such a tornado on the roadway itself was, of course, out of the question, so there are air passages above and below, fresh air coming in below and foul air going out above.

At short intervals all through the tunnel air is let in from the tornado below to air chambers at the side of the tube, and from these the fresh air quietly enters the roadway through a continuous slit in the side of the kerb.

A Stupendous Work

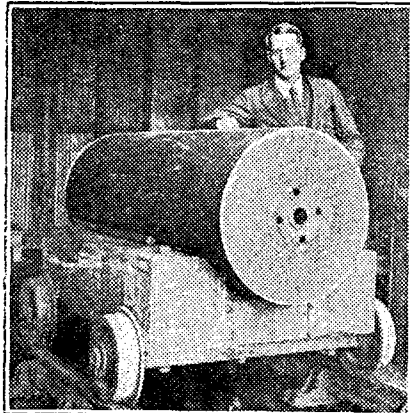
At each end of each tube is a tower containing 21 powerful blower and exhaust fans, 14 at work and seven in reserve. Thus 56 fans, consuming 4000 horse-power, are constantly at work injecting and ejecting air at a speed which changes the atmosphere in the tunnel 42 times an hour.

Clifford Holland is the name of the man who contrived this ventilation system and engineered the whole scheme. He was only 36 when he undertook it. He died five years later. His lieutenant, who succeeded him, died only five months later, and it was the third chief who saw the completion of this stupendous work. The tunnel is to be known for all time as the Holland Tunnel.

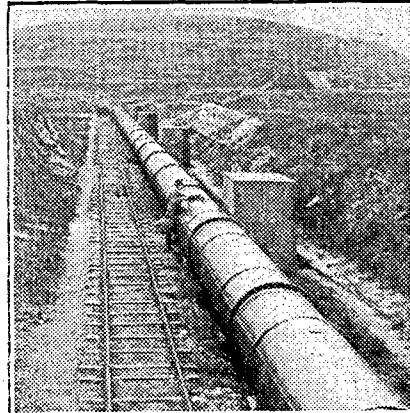
THE SAFETY-FIRST MINE EXPLOSION



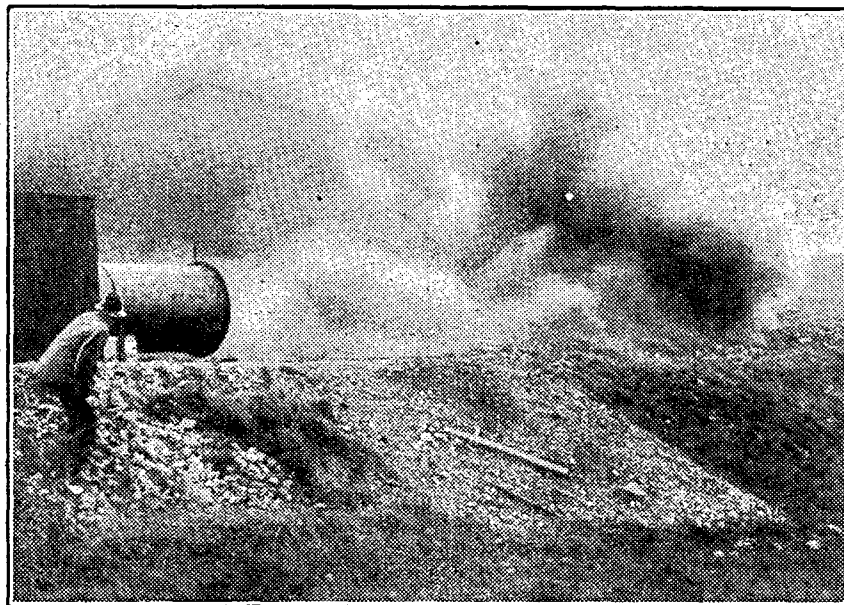
Taking the coal dust into the explosion tunnel



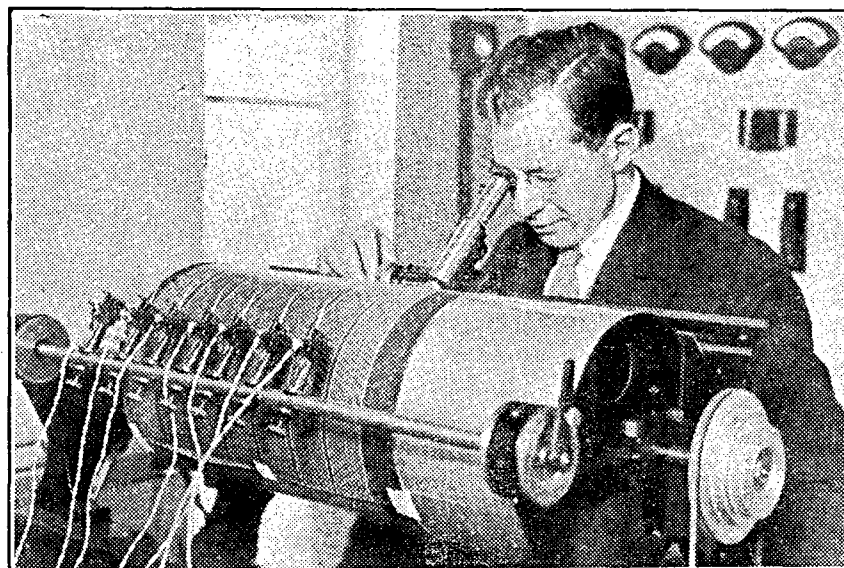
The cannon with which the explosion is caused



The long explosion tunnel, with recording instruments at intervals



The explosion bursting out from the pipe



Measuring the speed of the explosion

At Harpur Hill, in Derbyshire, there is a research station where experiments are carried out with the object of making mines safer. In these pictures we see how records were made of the effects of a coal-dust explosion in a long pipe corresponding with a mine gallery.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

The Car That Ran Away AND THE BOY WHO FOLLOWED IT

George Clarke, of Whalley, near Blackburn, is the kind of boy the C.N. likes to hear about.

He has developed a habit of saving lives. Sometimes it is the lives of children and sometimes he rescues animals.

A year ago he was walking by the river side when he saw a little girl fall in. He did not hesitate, but plunged in and rescued her.

Not long after he climbed up the roof of a high building and brought down a kitten that had scrambled up there and dared not try to come down.

How the Car Was Saved

Another day he was going up a hill on his way to school when, half way up, he passed a motor-car near the roadside kerb. In the front seat two little girls were frolicking together. Suddenly he heard a scream, turned round, and saw the car was moving down the hill and there was no one at the wheel to guide it. The girls, all unaware, had released the brakes.

Near the bottom of the hill was a bend in the road, and George could hear a tram coming up below the bend. He raced down after the car as fast as he could, reached it, jumped on the foot-board, seized the wheel, and turned the car aside. He was barely in time as the tram came round the bend, for there was a slight collision, which, but for him, would have been a head-on crash.

Why George Was Late

The father, who was in a shop doing some business and had by this time despaired of seeing his children alive again, came up and joined the crowd that was already overwhelming George with praise. But the boy had no time to stop, for his action had made him late for school, and so off he set.

He was late after all, but when asked why he was late he would not give the reason. However, when dinner-time came the whole school had got to know why George was late, and he was soon tired of hearing himself talked of, and begged them all not to talk so much "tosh." Like the policemen who do such things, he felt that what he had done was a natural part of the day's life.

We beg his pardon for mentioning these things, but they ought to be known as a sample of what a quick-witted lad can do.

THE CAT FINDS AN OLD FRIEND

Regular Visits

A remarkable story of a black cat's friendship for a mare was told at the Christmas Market of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor at the Mayfair Hotel.

The horse and cat, whose owner lived in Tunbridge Wells, were close friends, always sleeping together and feeding at the same time. Recently the mare was sold to a neighbour, who lived nearly a mile away. For several days the cat was very unhappy, mewing piteously for its lost companion, and eventually it disappeared. On the following day the horse's new owner brought back the cat, which he had found in the feeding-box of his stable.

The cat now makes regular visits to its companion at its new home.

WESTRALIA'S GOLD REEF CITY

ONE OF ITS FOUNDERS

The Man Who Laid Out Kalgoorlie

A MAYOR JOKE

The man who laid out Kalgoorlie is dead, and, like a good citizen of Western Australia, this engineer, Robert John Gleddon, left a great part of his fortune to the University at Perth.

So Western Australia, as it continues to grow up into a great country in a great Continent, will not forget him, though Kalgoorlie, which lies in a goldfield, will never again be as important as the orchards and pastures and wheat belt which West Australians are extending as fast as they can clear the bush.

But from Kalgoorlie flowed the first golden stream which irrigated the sandy soil of Western Australia and brought thousands of people to the land in search of easy money. It is only about seventy years since Kalgoorlie made Western Australia known to the world. What changes have taken place there in two generations!

Origin of a Nickname

Kalgoorlie is still a goldfield, but the town that Gleddon laid out has still in many parts of it the appearance of being a mining community set in a wilderness. When the sandstorms sweep down on it for days at a time, rattling on roofs of corrugated iron, it seems that men and their families have to put up with a good deal of wring gold from that arid place. It was, perhaps, Kalgoorlie's appearance which made the Australians of other States nickname the Westralians "sand-groppers."

But they groped with much goodwill. Kalgoorlie, they determined, should not go dry, so from the water dammed up in a great reservoir near Perth they constructed a pipe-line nearly 400 miles long, and pumped water up-country to the goldfield.

An Old Plesantry

It was a great day for Western Australia when the pipe was opened. Sir George Reid was present, and made one of his most-quoted jokes at the expense of the Mayor of Kalgoorlie, who had imprudently said that he would now ask Sir George to amuse the company for a few minutes. Why, asked Sir George, should he undertake such a task when the Mayor was there to do it?

This old plesantry was remembered for many years after Kalgoorlie had passed its prime as a gold producer, but the wealth men dug out of the place did a good deal for Western Australia, and the toil and hardship bred many fine pioneers among the Westralians. Now it is the northern end of the edifice of prosperity which Western Australia is building up on timber, wheat, fruit, and cattle, and we hope that in its new prosperity it will always remember Robert John Gleddon.

GOOD AND BAD MOTORISTS

A reader writes to accuse us of being narrow-minded because we have criticised the inconsiderate type of motorist, those who "scatter most things except the seeds of kindness." He points out how public-spirited many motorists were during the war toward wounded soldiers, and have been since in times of stress.

Of course considerate motorists do abound. Nobody has suggested they do not. But so do inconsiderate motorists, and it is against them, and them alone, that our protest was made. Narrow-mindedness is the hall-mark of those who as motorists misuse their power and do harm and not of those who protest against the abuse of the ordinary amenities of life on the King's highway.

A WONDERFUL MIRROR

And What It Tells Us

HOW FAST DOES LIGHT TRAVEL?

Interesting experiments are still being carried out to measure the speed with which light travels.

We know that a ray of light travels at the rate of about 186,000 miles a second, but the scientist of today requires far greater accuracy than was needed even a few years ago, and attempts are constantly being made to measure the speed of light with complete accuracy, to the minutest fraction.

Thus it is that Professor Michelson, perhaps the world's ablest scientist in the field of light, has been measuring its velocity between Mount Wilson and Mount San Antonio. These mountains are 21 miles apart.

On Mount Wilson is an eight-sided mirror which is rotated by an air blast striking the vanes of a little paddle-wheel 528 times a second. A beam of light is reflected from one of the eight faces across to Mount San Antonio, whence it is reflected back again to Mount Wilson.

The Velocity of Light

By the time it has done this journey of 42 miles the octagonal mirror has revolved through one eighth of its revolution, so that the ray of light just arrives to fall on its next face. If the mirror is revolved at exactly the right speed to receive the ray of light on its return journey on the right face it is easy to calculate the velocity of light, which has now been estimated to be 186,284 miles a second.

Having made these tremendously precise measurements, the scientists are faced with the fact that perhaps the distance between the two mountains has not been measured with sufficient accuracy, but it is thought that the error in the speed of light could not be more than a kilometre a second. Still more precise measurements are nevertheless being carried out.

A CAT'S LONG TREK

A Persian Down in Dorset

A Dorset reader adds this to our instances of cats that have found their way home over long distances.

Jim is a Persian tabby of mature age. He was taken, without any chance of seeing where he was going, to visit friends thirty miles away by circuitous roads. He knew his hosts well, and settled down happily at night and through the next day. But the next night he disappeared.

For ten days there was no sign of him. Inquiry was in vain. Then came a telephone message that he had arrived home, and had been found resting, tired and dragged, in his usual bed. How had he made that journey?

Our correspondent asks us that question. Our reply is that many birds, some animals, and some men have a strong general instinct of direction toward the place where they wish to be. Selous, the hunter, could find his way to any meeting-place on a pitch-black night through the African bush. Jim the cat had that feeling of direction as to where his home was. Following it, he went on and on through ten uncomfortable days and nights till he reached the orbit of his observations around his home. Then memory took him quickly there. So birds fly in a general direction, which they feel is right, till they sight a familiar landscape.

But all domesticated animals do not have this strong instinct of direction. If they did we should not have so many lost cats and dogs, and we should not think Jim's journey unusual.

HI AND HO

And Why We Think of Them

We have just been reminded of Hi and Ho by the fact that a famous astronomer has published a table of solar eclipses and left one out.

He is Professor Simon Newcomb, and the eclipse he forgot to mention is one which will be seen in Sweden in 1945. His mistake has been shared by other well-known astronomers, and to ordinary people it seems more marvellous that men should be able to foretell these heavenly events than that they should occasionally be in error.

But why is Professor Newcomb like Hi and Ho? They, too, were eminent astronomers, and for many years they studied the stars with the passionate devotion of a woman watching over her children.

Then to their humble watch-tower came one day a messenger from the Emperor of China, borne in a palanquin and attended by a retinue of servants. He told them they had been appointed State Astronomers.

Hi and Ho rejoiced. They made a feast, they bought fine clothes, and they began to be worldly-minded. Gradually they grew less interested in the stars and more interested in the dinner-table, till at last they were shocking gluttons. They neglected their work so much that they even forgot to register an eclipse. That was the end: Hi and Ho were executed.

Let us hope Professor Newcomb will not be punished in the same way for making a similar mistake!

THE TOP OF A WALKING-STICK

"Is the top of your walking-stick real ivory?" people used to ask Moberly Bell.

"No," he would reply; "it is bone, my very own bone."

The famous journalist had met with an accident in Egypt, and afterwards the surgeon had to remove a bit of the ankle bone, which Bell used as a knob for his cane.

One day his colleague Mr. Wickham Steed said he disliked the "gruesome cudgel."

"But what was I to do with it?" Bell protested. "I couldn't have made it into a cigarette-holder because people would have said that I never opened my mouth without putting my foot in it."

THE C.N. IN AFRICA

Our readers often tell us where they send their copies of the C.N. abroad after they have read them. Here is an instance.

When we have finished reading the C.N. (says a correspondent) we post it to my brother in West Africa. He told his chum out there about it, and he rather laughed at the idea, but when he had read it he gave it back with the query "Why Children's?"

My brother's black boy is immensely interested in Jacko. He thinks he is great fun, and, being rather good at drawing, is fond of sketching him.

A very good example of how to treat the African, it seems to us.

ONE-WAY METALS

A discovery likely to prove of the greatest importance in wireless and X-ray work, and, indeed, in electrical engineering generally, has just been made in the production of a new kind of metal which will only allow an electric current to pass through it in one direction.

The first metal to be so treated is copper, and it has been called Kuprox. A little pile of Kuprox plates three inches square and five inches high is sufficient to deal with 20 horse-power of electricity, and so can replace the cumbersome rectifiers which are used in tens of thousands in the electrical industry.

TREKKING FROM THE POLAR NIGHT

THE CARIBOU MARCHING DOWN

The Surprise of the Settlers in the Arctic Regions

A WONDER OF MIGRATION

Out of the high latitudes of the Arctic the caribou are now streaming southward in advance of the Polar night, which is creeping over the wastes and invading the tundra and the herbage of their feeding-grounds.

The days are shortening, and on each as it comes the Sun seems to look through a narrower shutter than on the day before. The gales are beginning to bring snow with them. Soon it will be an impossible land of cold and darkness and famine for the herds. So the caribou come South.

They are very punctual. It was almost the same day this year and last that they came to the Yukon River, swam its rapids, and poured into the lands where there is deer food to be had.

Caribou as Cattle

The wonder the Alaskan settlers find in this migration is that there are such vast numbers of caribou. Ten years ago it was thought that a few thousands were all that was left of them. Then Stefansson, the explorer, went to spend a year in the Arctic, and found so many that he declared the land where they dwelled could be colonised if men chose to live there and adopt the caribou as their cattle.

Now the numbers of them seem to rival those of the herds of bison which disappeared farther South, but, whereas the advance of the white man extinguished the bison, it is his activities which are helping to preserve the caribou.

In the Wooded Valleys

The search for fur is all in favour of these harmless creatures, whose own coats are of little value. But the pelts of wolf and lynx and wolverine, which are the arch enemies of the caribou, are valuable. Each year the furry enemies grow scarcer as the price set on them increases, and each year the caribou herds increase.

This year hundreds of thousands of them, their migration over, are safely hidden in the wooded valleys of the White River, the Copper River, the Mantanus, and Upper Tanana, where moss in abundance and herbage to spare will last the caribou till winter goes.

CELESTIAL LIGHT BY DAY

A Note From Tanganyika

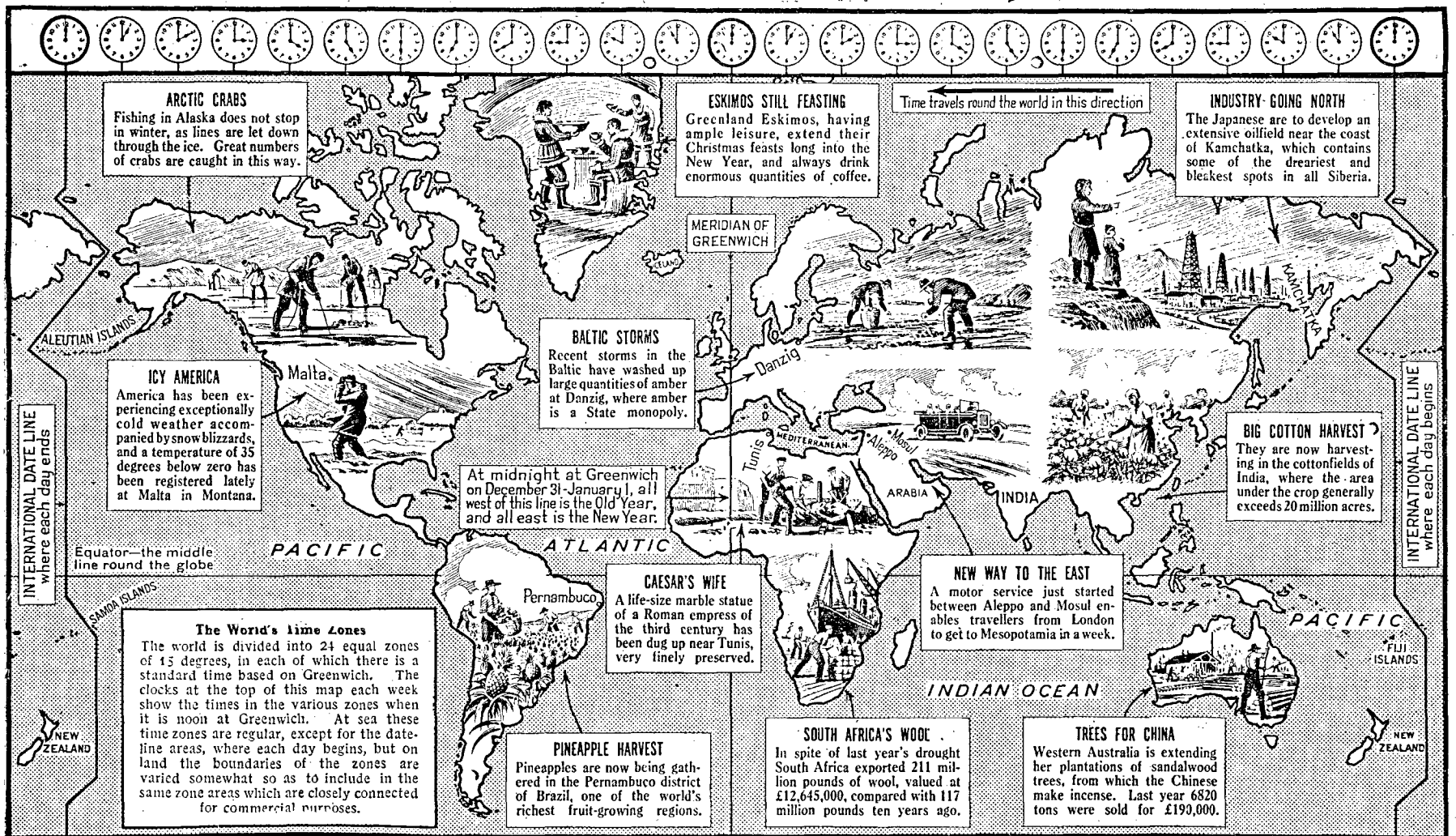
A reader of the C.N. in Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, writes describing an extraordinary light from the sky which he saw by day.

About the end of June (he says) I read in the C.N. that meteorites might be expected then. On July 1 I was out in broadest daylight, about ten o'clock in the morning. There was a brilliant African sun and a cloudless sky. Two young Africans were with me when I saw to the East a dazzling ball of yellowish-green fire with a long tail flash suddenly earthward. Its light was so brilliant that it outshone the sunlight. It appeared to be so close that the young Africans ran forward to find anything that might be buried where the meteorite seemed to strike the sand.

I have waited till now to see if anybody else had written to the C.N. to say they had seen this extraordinary thing.

No doubt it was a fragment of the Pons-Winnecke comet, which astronomers were looking for at that time, and our correspondent was fortunate in getting so near a view of its extreme brilliance. The Editor remembers seeing precisely the same thing from his Kent hilltop in the days when we were wondering if Britain would join in the war.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS



WHAT DO THE HORSES KNOW?

Taking the Milk Round in Durham

Everyone who knows horses well knows that they have amazingly good powers of memory. This fact is brought out in an interesting way by one of our readers in County Durham.

My aunt (he says) keeps a dairy, and this summer, when I was spending part of my holidays with her, I went out on four days with the milkmen.

I noticed that they hardly ever spoke to the horses, for the horses knew exactly where the customers lived. In some streets only three or four people had their milk from them, but the horses knew each particular door.

One horse, Teddy, had to stop at about 70 places in the morning and only about 40 in the afternoon, but he knew the stopping-places at each part of the day, and never made a mistake. If he saw anybody coming with a jug he would stop without being told. A milkman who only goes on the round once a week admitted he often had to rely on Teddy's memory rather than on his own.

Also Teddy knows when it is Sunday. In the afternoon he only takes the big cans from the farm to the dairy, and then goes back to his stable for half the day. He never forgets that that is the day for his light duties. As soon as the heavy cans are off the cart he turns round ready to be driven to the stables.

Another horse, Danny, has a good memory, but not as good as Teddy's. Danny undoubtedly saved a child from being run over one day. While the milkman was looking at his book a little boy ran into the road, and Danny stopped so suddenly to save him that the milkman was almost thrown out of the milk-float.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 43	Gorleston . . . 4.72 ins.
Total rainfall 2.67 ins.	Falmouth . . . 4.29 ins.
Dry days . . . 17	Tynemouth . . . 3.66 ins.
Wet days . . . 13	Dublin . . . 2.87 ins.
Warmest day . . . 3rd	Southampton 2.55 ins.
Coldest day . . . 8th	Edinburgh . . . 1.22 ins.

A MEDWAY BRIDGE A Quick Week-End Change

It was certainly quick work on the part of the Southern Railway engineers the other day to substitute a new bridge for an old one over the Medway at Maidstone in 26 hours.

Of course they had everything ready. The steel sides of the bridge had already been built on either side of the old track, and even from under the track much of the old bridge had disappeared, and wooden piles driven into the river bed held the bridge in place.

Still, all the old wooden flooring had to be removed, with the rusty old iron girders below and the old rails and sleepers above, while the new steel flooring had to be laid in its place, nine big cross girders with steel plates laid upon them, and the new double track to be laid over all. The new floor alone, 125 feet long and 26 feet wide, weighed 130 tons.

All this was done between midnight on a Saturday, two minutes after the last train from London had run into Maidstone, and two o'clock on Monday morning, when the ordinary traffic had to be resumed.

MRS. CARLYLE'S PISTOL How it Saved the Trees

When the surveyor of the Chelsea Borough Council advised that a row of trees should be felled in Cheyne Row there was a storm of protest the other day, and someone remembered how Mrs. Carlyle had saved these very trees years ago.

Some of the trees overhang the kerbstone a little, and a vehicle might possibly strike against one of their trunks. So it was decided to fell them, and, in spite of remonstrances, an official with a workman arrived one day to commit this foul murder.

Then out of her house came Mrs. Carlyle, in crinoline and shawl, the gentlest of creatures to look upon. Very quietly she told the man that if he cut down a tree she would fetch a pistol and shoot him on the spot. The man seemed frightened, and the noble trees were saved.

WONDERS OF A HUNDRED TANKS

The Zoo Aquarium

THE AQUARIUM BOOK. By E. G. Boulenger (Duckworth. 6s.).

We suppose there is nothing in London to beat the Zoo Aquarium, and there is certainly nothing in the Zoo Aquarium to beat The Aquarium Book by its Director. Everything Mr. E. G. Boulenger writes about animals is good to read, and we delight in this admirable volume on what we regard in many ways as the supreme attraction that London offers to children.

Mr. Boulenger, who is in charge of the hundred tanks filled with living flashes of colour at Regent's Park, gives us a series of excellent talks about their occupants. The more we know of fishes the more wonderful Nature seems in all her ways, and we feel as we read this book that we are truly in a kingdom where wonder crowds on wonder. To read this book and follow it with a visit to the Zoo Aquarium is surely the finest adventure in natural history that any boy or girl could wish.

TWA DOGS

Here is another instance of the friendship between dogs. It is from Lancashire.

Billy, a retriever, and Fido, a small mongrel, belong to the same master. They are great friends. Fido, having gone out by himself, was set on by a bigger dog, and suffered severely till Billy appeared on the scene and gave the bully a good trouncing. Then the two friends went home together, and Billy there chastised Fido, apparently for going out by himself and getting into trouble.

That, at any rate, is how Fido seems to understand it, for now if he wants to go out he seeks Billy, as if he were asking leave, and Billy goes with him to the gate and keeps a watchful eye on him. No one can see them without feeling there is an understanding between them.

KOSSUTH COMES TO HIS OWN

Budapest's New Monument

The nations liberated through the Great War were able for the first time, after centuries of oppression, to do full honour to their national heroes. It is curious that defeated Hungary should now find herself in the same position.

It is nearly 80 years since Louis Kossuth led the Magyars in their revolt against the House of Hapsburg. Kossuth had to flee and the Hapsburgs returned, and so long as a Hapsburg reigned there could be no honours for Kossuth, alive or dead.

Now, at last, a monument to him has been unveiled in the Parliament Square of Budapest, renamed Kossuth Square. There he stands, with his Ministers around him. The artist has given them a look of deep dejection, as if knowing that their cause was doomed. One wonders what their thoughts would have been of the Hungary of today.

It would have surprised them to know that its Government is still in theory a Regency on behalf of the absent Hapsburgs, whom only the veto of a foreign enemy keeps from their throne. It would surely have surprised and saddened them still more to know that Hungary is today a democracy only in name.

A QUEER MACHINE

Recreation Ground Made With a Pump

A queer machine is at work now in Southampton, making a recreation ground of 16 acres of reclaimed land.

This huge machine has an 11-inch pipe nearly half a mile long, through which mud is forced up from barges and poured on the piece of land which is being reclaimed. The barges bring ballast, which is being dredged from the deep-water channel near, to a quay alongside the machine. A huge suction pipe is lowered into the barge, the pumps are set to work, and the ballast, mixed with water, is sucked up and deposited in what will shortly be one of the biggest recreation grounds in the country.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 31 1927

The Good Time Coming

A HAPPY New Year to all the World. It is going to be a fine time.

Millions of people are making up their minds to be a little kinder, to think less about themselves and a little more of others.

Every good cause in the world is going to be helped forward a little. Every good movement for helping man on in the march to better things will win to itself new friends. The love of peace will sink a little deeper in the hearts of the people. The League of Nations will be set firmer on its foundations. Millions will believe in it who are now a little afraid.

Millions are going to think a little more about the new way of running the world, the Geneva Way. In the old days when nations quarrelled they ran to a battlefield and killed each other; now they take train to Geneva and talk it over round a table. They meet like gentlemen, and no more like assassins. The idea is sinking into the minds of a mighty multitude, and millions more will understand it before the New Year ends.

However great the armies of war may be in these difficult times, the armies of peace have never been so strong. Nor have the Governments ever been so solemnly pledged to settle quarrels without the sword. They have pledged themselves as deep as honour goes. The politicians of the whole world know that this is so, and every move this year on the political chessboard will be made with the idea that war must be avoided at any cost.

And at home in every nation grows the spirit of goodwill. Masters and men are drawing more and more together. Each side is learning that the other side is not its enemy.

Think of what we are going to learn this year, all the new knowledge that is coming into the world. No evil thing but will have another hard blow, no disease that will not be brought a little nearer to its doom, no difficulty that will not come a little nearer its solution. How many dreams will come true! How many hopes will be fulfilled! How many new dreamers will set out conquering and to conquer!

Yes, it will be a wonderful year, *forty or fifty million years of life in these islands alone*. Perhaps you have not thought what fifty million years of life can do? It can do anything if it is at its best, fit for its task, equal to its opportunity. A million Scouts and Guides are going to do a good turn every day, 365 million good turns! It is a thought to cheer us on our way, however hard our way may be.

And so a happy New Year to everyone, one more good march to New Jerusalem. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Bit That Nobody Wants

WHEN the Royal Mint published the faces and figures on the new coins many cheered for the crown but more groaned for the threepenny-bit. The threepenny-bit has many acquaintances, but can never keep its friends.

One clergyman who had known it a very long time, having spent many years in chasing it across the vestry floor after the collection, would not join in the cry to abolish it; he would only reform it.

Why not make the threepenny-bit in the shape of an oval, so that it could not roll? he asked. It is a practical idea, almost like that of a square egg; but would it not destroy one of the chief merits of the threepenny-bit, which is to make a little money roll a long way?

This Comfortable World

From a Reader Down in Devon

MAN is busy making the Earth more comfortable, is he not?

It is hard to believe walking down a Devonshire lane, seeing the cottages one has known all one's life unimproved. The same wants—no water laid on, no sink, no light but the candle and the little smelly oil-lamp. (What a song the oil-lamps of the world could sing about their usage!)

And yet the world is busy. In one breath we hear of a whole street in Damascus being roofed over to protect the inhabitants from the heat and wind; and we notice at a station a new device for trying your height by a ruled mirror. Cousin John has gone to Buenos Aires and is working there (he writes) in a rubber-lined office; most quiet and peaceful place in the hubbub of a crowded city. French women, tripping out to parties, are wearing little mudguards on the back of their high heels to prevent mud from soiling them. Rich people are having an electric belt to heat their bath water strapped round the water tank, and—but why go on?

Certainly it is a world that likes being comfortable.

Remembrance

WE have been glad to see the decision of the Park Committee at Leicester. It has fixed a notice near the Arch of Remembrance with these words on it: *Gentlemen will please raise their hats.*

The Leicester Arch of Remembrance is among the finest Peace Memorials in the British Empire, and all who have passed by this majestic monument will wish to have it remembered with dignity and respect.

We should like to say once more how much we hope that every boy who reads the C.N. will raise his cap to those who died for him as he walks or rides by the Cenotaph.

The Load of Hay

IT is very much to be hoped that, whatever arrangements are finally made for solving the traffic problem, a little common-sense will be mixed with them.

We have just seen a bus, in the busiest hour of the day, at one of the busiest points of London, held up by a load of hay.

Tip-Cat

WE do not care for outside shows so much as our fathers did. We prefer to sit at home with the wireless.

GOLFERS are said to be more quarrelsome than anglers. Yet anglers never spare the rod.

SERVANTS, it seems, don't know their place today. Perhaps that is why many of them can't find one.

THE world admires promising young men. Especially if they do what they promise.

IT is rumoured that the old gentleman who can still work twelve hours a day without turning a hair is bald-headed.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If literary duels are fought with paper-knives

BUSINESS, we are told, is moving south. It would have been worse if it had gone west.

YOU find only one real Bohemian in fifty years. Then you are usually glad to lose him again.

THERE are now 220 peace treaties between the nations of the world. We hope

they won't start fighting over who is to keep them.

THE eight-wheeled motor-bus will soon be seen in London. It is a pity pedestrians have not got nine lives.

SAVAGE tribes have been found who still worship the Sun. We wonder where they found it.

Said Doctor Footler

Mr. Baldwin, being received into the Royal Society the other day, confessed that he once stood in the library of a scientist and said to its owner, "There is not a single book here of which I can understand a word."

SAID Doctor Footler, "I confess I do not care for loveliness, But pleasantly my mind reacts When sifting scientific facts. The poet into raptures goes About the nightingale or rose, But I explain that music got is By wagging of the epiglottis, And scent of roses is by me Reduced to terms of chemistry. Of every thing, from rose to cow, I simply say: *It is—but How?*"

Just then a bird was passing by And softly sang: *He is—but Why?*

The Poems of Peter Puck

Winter Sports

THE time for Winter Sports has come, For cheeks are blue and hands are numb,

And wealthy folk take ship and go To mountain lands of sun and snow,

Where some will ski, and some will skate,

And some will dance till very late, And some will turn their sleighs to wrecks,

And all of them will risk their necks.

The other folk, who may not roam, Have Winter Sports to play at home,

And one stands out above the ruck As needing greater skill and pluck.

When rain keeps falling every day And not a field is fit for play,

When no one sees the sky for weeks,

And every building drips or leaks; When London people croak like frogs

Because the streets are filled with fogs,

O, then's the time for what I call The bravest winter sport of all:

It needs true grit in times so tearful

To play the game of Keeping Cheerful!

For This Great World Give Thanks

O God, we thank Thee for this universe, our great home; for its vastness and its riches, and for the manifoldness of the life which teems upon it and of which we are part.

We praise Thee for the arching sky and the blessed winds, for the driving clouds and the constellations on high. We praise Thee for the salt sea and the running water, for the everlasting hills, for the trees, and for the grass under our feet.

We thank Thee for our senses, by which we can see the splendour of the morning, and hear the jubilant songs of love, and smell the breath of the springtime. Grant us, we pray Thee, a heart wide open to all this joy and beauty, and save our souls from being so steeped in care, or so darkened by passion, that we pass heedless and unseeing when even the thorn-bush by the wayside is aflame with the glory of God.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

KENT is planting fourteen kinds of trees along its by-pass roads. One authority is thinking of planting apple trees.

WOMEN Guardians of Nottingham are asking for brighter dresses for the old women in the workhouse.

EVERY policeman in Birmingham has given a day's pay to endow a bed in a hospital.

TWO States in Australia, the State of Kentucky in America, and the Spanish Government in Madrid have prohibited greyhound betting tracks.

THE Seattle man who started a fire in a park in America has been sentenced to plant 100 trees.

THE NEW COMET WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT

Why the Tail Appears to
Be in Front
RARE VISITOR FROM SPACE

By the C.N. Astronomer

A bright naked-eye comet has at last come to visit the Earth after a number of years in which no such comets has been seen.

This visitor from the far depths of the Solar System was discovered by Mr. J. F. Skjellerup of Melbourne in the southern skies, and can now be seen in the skies of the Northern Hemisphere. It should be readily seen in the north-west provided the sky is very clear.

The artificial lights of towns like London are sufficient to mar the spectacle and make the comet's tail difficult to see; and moonlight has the same effect. Nevertheless the comet will repay looking for if it has not already made itself easily visible to the eyes on any favourable dark nights at the beginning of the week.

Approaching the Earth

It is following a northerly course, and the best time to look for it is between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening near where the bright star Vega shines in the northern sky, and about twenty times the apparent width of the Moon beneath that star. It will continue to travel overhead, passing almost exactly between Vega and the star Alpha in Cygnus, which is just a little to the left.

The comet is now going away from the Sun, and therefore both its tail and its head become less and less bright. When it was first noted in the Northern Hemisphere at a South American observatory it was about as bright as Alpha in Cygnus. But, though receding from the Sun, the comet is approaching the Earth, and while doing that may, though it cannot be said that it will, appear to increase in size and grow more plain to observers on our globe.

A Curious Spectacle

Moreover, it may continue to present to our eyes the long tail belonging to it, which will now be turned away from the Sun.

This curious spectacle of the comet's tail travelling in front of it instead of behind has been ascribed in other appearances of comets to the pressure of the Sun's radiation. The tail is always very thin and faint except near the comet's head, where the myriads of meteoric stones which make this nucleus are clustered together and are always jostling one another in the fiery commotion that has as its visible outcome the light material, thinner than any gas, of the tail.

Earth in a Comet's Tail

This thin, diaphanous matter can be blown hither and thither by the mere pressure of the radiant energy coming from the Sun. The Earth might go through the comet's tail and we be quite unaware of it. Indeed this has already happened in the case of the great comet of 1861, and is believed to have occurred when Halley's famous comet last visited our skies in 1910.

This present cometary visitor is the largest and the brightest that has appeared since then, for it was in January of 1910 that the last great comet appeared, but, being badly placed for northern observers, very few people saw it in this country. The writer remembers its glorious fan-shaped tail, visible like a flame in the western sky, in daylight as the Sun was setting.

This tail was calculated to have been 62,000,000 miles long.

The finest comet previous to this, the Great Comet of 1882, had a tail 100 million miles long; while that of 1843, the greatest known, was twice this length, and had a nucleus, or head, as large as the Earth, or about 8000 miles in diameter.

G. F. M.

HISTORY FROM A SCRIBBLE

SHERLOCK HOLMES could build up the description of a stranger from a shred of his clothes, and an archaeologist can construct history from a bit of pottery.

The other day, when excavators were at work on an old Roman iron-smelting furnace at East Grinstead, they came on a potsherd on which someone hundreds of years ago had scratched L VII. Such a scratch or scribble is usually called a graffito, as it cannot be dignified with the title of inscription.

But Mr. S. E. Winbolt has unravelled history from this graffito.

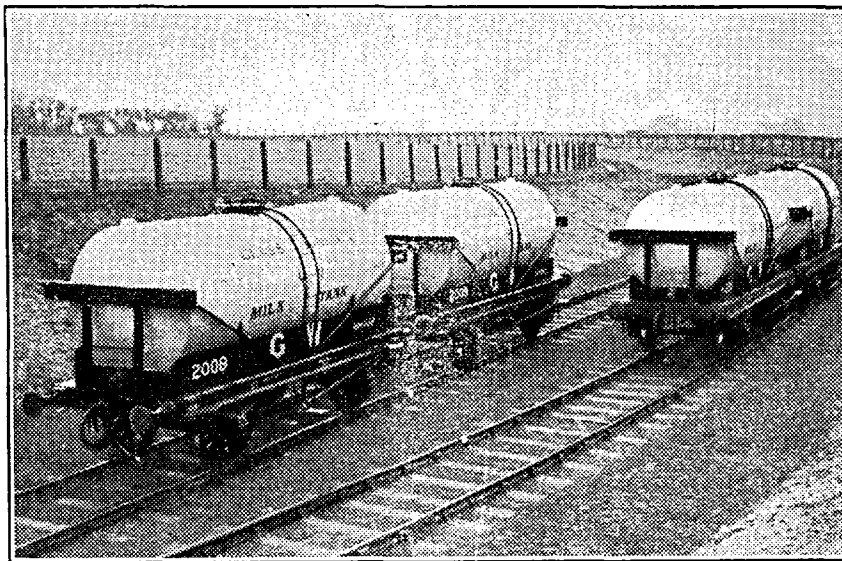
L VII means Legion VII, and this Legion formed the garrison of Spain from about 70 to 300 A.D. Yet it must have been a man of the Seventh who scratched his regiment's sign on the pot. What was he doing in Britain?

The headquarters of the Legion in Spain was the great iron-producing

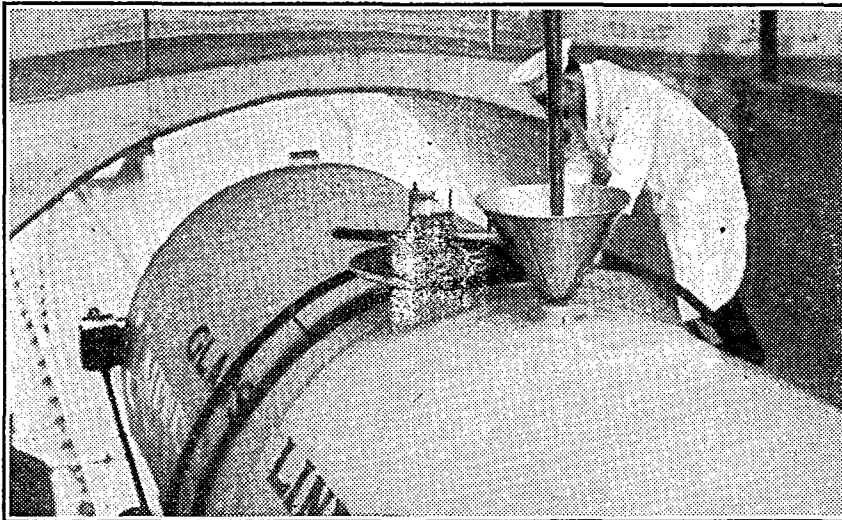
region in the north-west, and evidently the men of the Legion became skilled iron-workers. Their smiths were always busy making or repairing armour. When the Romans discovered iron in the far-away barbaric isle of Britain they wanted to set up furnaces there, and they sent to Legion VII for skilled men to train the British garrison.

So a small party of men was sent from Spain to Britain, and at first they must have been rather proud of their superior knowledge. But after awhile they must have grown homesick for their old quarters. They did not like marshy Britain, and they did not like the Legionaries who formed the British garrison. They wanted to be back in sunny Spain among their own comrades, and in that mood, nearly two thousand years ago, a Roman Tommy scratched L VII on his drinking-pot.

THE MILK TANK TRAIN



Glass-lined milk tanks on the railway



Filling one of the new tanks with milk

These pictures show the big glass-lined tanks in which a dairy firm now transports its milk by rail. Each one holds 3000 gallons, or three times as much as an ordinary milk van for carrying churns. Not only are these tanks more convenient than the old method, but the milk is protected against changes of temperature.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Ave Maria is being engraved in 150 languages on the walls of a chapel at Rafat, near Jerusalem.

Dante's Tomb

The space round Dante's tomb at Ravenna is to be cleared, and the tomb is to be preserved with greater respect.

A Balloon Goes to Poland

A toy balloon sent up in the English Lake District was picked up the next day by a shepherd girl in Poland, a thousand miles away.

One Nation to Another

The Government of Czecho-Slovakia has presented a wonderful glass chandelier to the new cathedral in New York. It contains over 1000 pieces of glass, and 40 men worked a year to make it.

Although he is a devout Hindu in faith, the Maharajah of Mysore has unveiled a Mohammedan Mosque.

The Load of Taxation

The British taxes before the war equalled £3 11s. 4d. a head; today they are £14 11s. 8d.

A Good Thing at Sea

It is good to hear that all the vessels of the Bibby Line are now fitted with separators which recover waste oil and prevent its discharge in the sea.

London and General Please Copy

Three readers from Aberdeen, Birmingham, and Cardiff write to say that the trams of their towns have boxes for used tickets, which in London are still thrown into the streets.

A STRANGER AMONG THE SWANS

QUEER STORY

The Law of Self-Preservation
in a London Park

KING OF THE CASTLE
AMONG THE WILD

By Our Natural Historian

A curious drama has recently been witnessed in a little London park, Sunray Garden, Denmark Hill. There is a stretch of water in it, and the authorities of Ruskin Park, near by, having more swans than they needed, gave one to Sunray Garden, where there was room for one more of these birds.

The swans which were already in possession resented the intrusion of the newcomer, drove it away from them, "sent it to Coventry," as we say, treated it as an outlaw with a penalty on its head. A veterinary surgeon, versed in the ways of birds, advised the Camberwell Council that it was hopeless to expect a reconciliation, that the other swans might seriously injure and possibly kill the stranger.

An Inbred Tendency

The occurrence is not strange to those who study Nature. Birds and animals are, generally speaking, incurably conservative in defence of their territory. The remark does not apply with such force to species in which the sexes part after the nursery season and fight for mates again in the spring, for there all are equal in a contest where the best one wins.

But where the sexes keep together in settled areas the tendency to isolate a newcomer is inbred. In an aviary a stranger is chased, pecked, and hustled from the food supply; in a poultry run the maturing chickens attack younger broods introduced into their midst.

Put down hay or clover in a field, and, no matter how great the supply, one horse will attack another with the ferocity of a starving bear; it would drive its fellows to starvation if it could, though itself gorged with food. The veriest cur of a dog, which runs home yelping at a mere threat, becomes as a lion in courage once it reaches its kennel, and, erecting its drooping tail and hanging ears, barks defiance at the world, and is ready for battle.

Nature's Profound Law

"King of the castle" played on the hillocks by the lambs is only Nature's way of fitting the young idea for the day when real battles will be fought for the best and highest pasture.

All this is part of a profound law in Nature. Stags fight madly in the autumn, but death is rarely the result; they can retreat when they are defeated. So it is with other creatures. Those in possession feel that their home is their castle, and they will defend it at any cost.

Severity of competition, spiteful exclusiveness, determination not to have home invaded and resources depleted, have made the wild world what it is. Nature means to people the Earth, and she could not do so if all her children settled down in one area.

It is good that men should go forth to colonise when private ownership forbids their taking up residence on another person's land. The unlanded are free to roam and find a new home, and the world is the better for it. E. A. B.

PEOPLE WHO WILL NOT FIGHT

130,000 Write to the P.M.

A Peace Letter has been handed to the Prime Minister signed by nearly 130,000 people.

In it they declare that, as all disputes between nations can now be settled by peaceful means, they will refuse to support or render war service to any Government resorting to arms.

ON THE EDGE OF CIVILISATION

THE SORROWS OF THE SIMPLE FOLK

When Death Calls in the Lonely Places

THE MOVING CAMPS

From an Outpost of Australia

Our Australia correspondent sends these notes on life as she sees it from her window on the edge of civilisation.

When I stand at the north door of my tent I look over a space in which all England might be placed, and there is not one white man there.

A mile to the south is a little railway siding. There, about a dozen souls all told, are railway men and their wives. The transcontinental trains pass to and fro between Kalgoorlie and Port Augusta, 1011 miles, bearing passengers whom I never see.

The White Man's Food

Little native groups come and go, ever restless, and ever hugging white settlements until the mallee-hen season comes round, when little expeditions are made to the mallee-hen grounds and the eggs are brought to the siding to be exchanged for the white man's food.

When the native has tasted the white man's food he soon tires of his old native food. Though he belongs to the great northern spaces, he never wants to go to his own country again, so he moves from one white man's place to another, never staying anywhere long. Whenever death occurs at any of their camps the natives go away from the district for a year or more, but always to some place where there are white people.

When the death has been that of a parent or a brother the little group returns in the following month and holds a memorial service over the dead. There is much weeping at the graveside. The children are laid across the grave, and their bodies and faces are rubbed with the sand that has been taken out of it. The little bough-huts of the dead are burned, and the earth, which until now has not been allowed to touch the body, is thrown into the grave, and the place is levelled so that there is no sign that anyone lies there.

No Abiding Place

The mourners leave the graveside weeping and crying, and go right away. Other groups come in their places, and for many nights the newly-arrived group cries and wails for the dead, avoiding, however, not only the camp and the grave of the deceased, but also the places where any tracks of the dead might be seen. Consequently the camps are for ever moving round and round the edge of the plain from settlement to settlement, with no abiding place, for death is always before them or behind.

Happily they are as light-hearted as children, and, except in the case of some loving mother, their grief is soon a thing of the past.

The Australian Governments are all anxious to help the Aborigines, and efforts are always being made for their betterment; but men, women, and children alike prefer their freedom above all things, and so, through their constant movement, the problem of their preservation is complicated by themselves.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A necklace of 63 pearls . . .	£19,500
Early Venetian painting . . .	£4400
1st edition of Pickwick Papers . . .	£3340
A portrait by Tintoretto . . .	£2625
A Louis XV gold box . . .	£1650
Collection of porcelain animals . . .	£1182
Homer's Odyssey, 1538 . . .	£1160
Didot's Fables on vellum, 1802 . . .	£1150
3 panels of Aubusson tapestry . . .	£735
A book of 1582 . . .	£600

THE LITTLE MAN WHO BROKE HIS DREAM

By Our Hungarian Correspondent

Somewhere between the C.N. office and a hilltop in Kent is a lovely little road that a car passes by, a wide road with a green strip on both sides, a great oak centred in a circus halfway down, and a church tower beyond.

He who writes this has passed the road for twenty years and never been down it, for he loves the peep down as he passes by, and is afraid it may not be so beautiful if he goes there. And so it remains his enchanted road.

This is the story of a little boy who was not so wise, a real little boy who went to see his enchanted place and broke his dream.

It was an autumn noonday in Budapest. The sky, blue as a bunch of dew-drenched forget-me-nots, hung over the forget-me-not blue Danube. The Sun shone like beaten gold, and all the lovely buildings piled on the rocky Buda Hills (the copper-domed castle, the shell-pink spire, the ivory battlements) seemed to float in the autumn haze as in a mirage.

A Small Boy of Four

On the Pest side, all along the acacia-shaded embankment, smartly-dressed people were sitting, resting after their morning walk. In the middle of the road, between the double row of chairs, walked a small boy of four, his hands in his pockets, sobbing bitterly.

"Poor little fellow! What can have happened to him? Come and tell us about it," pitying ladies called from every side. But the child went on, unheeding their sympathy, sobbing as if his heart would break.

At last, at the very end of the row, a white-haired old gentleman caught him.

"Whatever has happened?" he asked kindly. "Has your mother spanked you?"

"No-o-o!" sobbed the little fellow indignantly.

"Has she given you money to buy bread and you have lost it?"

"No-o-o," sobbed the little man sorrowfully.

"Have you lost your way?"

"No-o-o," sobbed he disdainfully. The silly things grown-ups would ask! The sobs were louder than ever.

His Mysterious Sorrow

The old gentleman tried another line of thought, in the hope of distracting him from his mysterious sorrow.

"What is your name, my little man?"

"Johnny," sobbed the child.

"And where do you live?"

A pause, filled with sobs. Then, slowly, a small, grubby hand lifted and pointed to the middle of the river.

"There," whispered the child.

"You mean the boat?"

Yes; he meant the boat. It was one of those long black barges that carry cargo up and down rivers—one of the large boats on which the bargee lives with wife and child, his cat and dog, a swarm of chickens, and a pot or two of geraniums.

Daddy Never Would

"I see," said the old gentleman. "Your father brings coals to this town, doesn't he?"

"No," pouted the boy in the midst of his sobs; "he takes sand to Pressburg and timber to Moliacs." (Pressburg is 150 miles up river and Moliacs is 170 miles down.)

"But I don't see what there is in all this to cry about," said the old gentleman. "Won't you tell me why you are crying?"

"It's because—because—because," sobbed the child, relieved at last to tell his own tale, "it's because I've always wanted so dreadfully to stop here. I asked and I asked and I asked, but Daddy never would. We always went past; but yesterday he said we

YUNG CHANG AND THE MINGS

News from Mystery Valley A REBEL AND HIS DESCENDANTS

News has come from Peking of a remarkable discovery in the mountains beyond the Hsiao Han Pass, 100 miles to the west.

In 1644 a rebel named Yung Chang overthrew the power of the Ming Dynasty, had every member of the family beheaded, and proclaimed himself emperor.

But vengeance followed swiftly. The murdered emperor's commander-in-chief made an alliance with the Manchus and led them to Peking, where they defeated the rebels. Yung Chang's imperial life lasted just 18 days.

Left to Starve

His followers were condemned to die, but they begged for mercy, and in a grim jest the victors said "Yes, we will change sentence of death to banishment, banishment to the valley beyond the Hsiao Han Pass!"

So 300 prisoners were driven to the place and left there to starve to death. There is, hardly any soil in the valley, which is barren and gloomy and so surrounded by mountain and ravine that it has often been described as impenetrable.

But some European climbers succeeded in reaching the valley the other day, after great difficulty, and there they found the descendants of the banished men!

The Valley People Today

There are now 4000 people living in the valley, which is 17 miles long and 13 miles wide. They are of an entirely different type from the people in the neighbouring regions, and, although they appear to know little of their own history, there seems no doubt that they are the descendants of the prisoners left there in 1644.

The valley was deserted before that time, and no tribe would choose to live there. The valley people today only just manage to exist by working in their poor fields, and the exiles must have endured terrible hardships when they were thrust out of a palace into this mountain prison.

Continued from the previous column

could stop, and I was so dreadfully glad. You see," he said, lifting his swimming eyes to the old man's face and stopping his sobbing for a minute, "I thought the houses here, and the churches, and the horses and carriages, and the people were only as big as that (putting his two little hands close together), and I wanted so much to play with them. And now (bo—hoo—oo—oo!) the houses are just as big as the houses in Moliacs and Pressburg, and the horses and carriages are just as big too—and—and—you are as big as Daddy and Mummy," he added resentfully.

What was to be done? The old gentleman, being really a kind old gentleman, took him to the nearest toyshop and bought him a whole wooden town in a box. And the little boy, being really a very nice boy, tried to smile through his tears and said *Thank you!* many times in a subdued little voice.

But, though it was quite a large town in a box, beautifully carved and painted, there was nothing in it that in the least resembled the copper-domed castle and the shell-pink spire, or any of the other baby houses he had seen from the barge. Nor were the men and women and horses of its streets alive. It was no use. The old gentleman, be he never so kind and wealthy, could never give him back the lovely little city of his dreams.

WHY NOT?

THE LEAGUE SURPRISE FROM RUSSIA

A Clean Sweep to Get the World Right

SOMETHING TO THINK OVER

By Our League Correspondent

It was easy to see that something extraordinary was afoot in Geneva on the last day of last month.

All the tide of taxis and cars flowed in one direction. Swiss police were there to guide them and were on special guard, remembering the temptation that the immense windows of the conference room offered agitators and being nervously anxious for the safety of the Russian representatives.

Long after darkness had fallen row upon row of lighted windows showed that the Secretariat was still at work, and through the transparent walls of the great Glass Room passers-by could easily distinguish the delegates, still sitting in conference.

Interesting News

Inside the building an atmosphere of tense interest prevailed. Over a hundred journalists had gathered, more than filling the seats allotted to them in the conference room. Between whiles they tapped away at their typewriters in the busy press room, sending to their papers the news of the day.

And the news was interesting. Russia had taken the lead in this commission, which was to prepare for disarmament, and in an unexpected way which must have startled the old-time members.

M. Litvinoff, after confessing himself aghast at "the complexity, the confusion, the multiplicity" of the questions the commission had studied in its former meetings, and pointing out the utter hopelessness of expecting to solve them, proposed that, instead of continuing on those lines and arriving nowhere, the commission should draw up an agreement for *complete and general disarmament at once!*

A Counsel of Perfection

It was a startling proposal to make a clean sweep of armies, navies, air forces, guns, weapons, warships, fortresses, military factories, military and naval and air ministries, and everything pertaining to destruction.

What will be the outcome of it? Can countries follow such a counsel of perfection as this? Is this the great test of their sincerity?

The German delegate reminded the commission that it was not for the first time that a clean sweep had been proposed. President Wilson had hinted at it in his Fourteen Points. Germany and the other disarmed countries have cause to remember this, for the pledge was given that their disarmament was to be the first step toward general disarmament. The further steps thus pledged have not been taken. What will this present commission be able to do in that direction? A lead has been given. Will it be followed?

CUBA'S LEAD TO THE NATIONS

From Geneva to Governments and from Governments to Geneva passes a continuous stream of letters, documents, and all the other printed matter by means of which the League does a large part of its work.

Possibly some of these printed papers find their way to waste-paper baskets or to pigeon-holes, where they are too often forgotten. But no country nowadays can afford to neglect the League entirely, and prompt replies are becoming much more the rule.

Cuba considers it so important to attend carefully to these documents that its Government has appointed a League Department with a special committee to study the activities of the League and advise the Government.

December 31, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS

Why Things Move Slowly AN EXPLANATION

One of our American friends calls our attention to a C.N. criticism of the United States for not more promptly taking steps to make a repetition of such a tragedy as the Mississippi floods impossible.

He is good enough to send us a report of a Committee of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce which has been investigating the whole question, and that report, we must admit, makes it clear that our criticism was somewhat premature.

The position is that, though flooding in the lower basin of the Mississippi has been frequent, no such flood as this year's had ever been known before; nor was it anticipated.

The flood was not caused by rain falling at once over a wide area. Had that been so the floods from the different tributary regions would have reached the lower Mississippi at different times, and some would have passed on into the sea before other high waters arrived, as is usually the case.

How the Floods Were Caused

But the rainfalls occurred at different times in different tributary areas, and were so timed that, whether they came from near or far, they arrived at the lower course of the river together.

This simultaneous arrival was beyond control, and is a special feature which, having now been proved a possibility, will need a carefully-worked-out national scheme of control that must be applied over a region as large as the British Isles, France, Germany, Italy, and all the Balkan States together.

Time will be needed to decide what to do and how to do it; and the scheme must be approved by Congress. Therefore our suggestion that more might have been done was apparently premature, in face of the unusualness and vastness of the difficulty. We thank our correspondent for proving a hasty opinion against us. America knows how to take care of herself.

PETER ESSELMONT AND THE BIRDS

How to Protect the Plovers

A very interesting point, which many public men have considered for years, is whether Parliament or local authorities give a man the best chance of public service.

Mr. Alfred Pease, a tried friend of wild birds, has been urging those who want to protect plovers and their eggs to look to their county councils for help rather than to Parliament; and apparently he is all in favour of the theory that local service is best.

Mr. Pease's reasons for his advice are interesting. He speaks with authority, for he has tried both methods. He has twice piloted Orders through the North Riding County Council without any difficulty. The last, giving complete protection to both the birds and their eggs, went through without a single hostile vote.

On the other hand, it took him many years to get the Wild Birds Protection Bill through Parliament. There were never fewer than 600 members favourable to the Bill in all those years, but one man, the late Mr. Peter Esslemont, was always able to prevent its passing into law.

There was no time to debate it, and at the time for unopposed business Mr. Esslemont had only to call out "I object" to cause it to be put back night after night in session after session. He called out, and year after year the Bill was defeated by this odd little man over-riding the undoubted wishes of the Mother of Parliaments.

THE ABBEY

Which Thirty Names? GREAT FIGURES OF LAST CENTURY

While some people have been deploping the crowd of statues which spoil the beauty of Westminster Abbey others have been asking how we shall commemorate great men in future.

To add to the pompous jumble of monuments is unthinkable. The C.N.'s suggestion was to lay the ashes of the great in noble shrines which should replace the vulgar monuments now spoiling the North transept, but Canon Alexander, of St. Paul's Cathedral, has made a suggestion which may be more readily acceptable.

Suggested Roll of Honour

As there is no space to waste either in the Abbey or in St. Paul's he suggests that there should be a roll of honour instead of a swarin of new memorials for the great men of each century. This would take the form of a marble tablet in the crypt, and 20 or 30 illustrious names would be inscribed in every hundred years, with the dates, and nothing else. It would be a greater honour to be one of the men so simply honoured than to have a big marble monument amid a crowd of nobodies.

If such an idea were put into practice today which names would be found worthiest to represent the nineteenth century? Below is a list made by a man of letters who was born in the seventies. Other people will probably disagree about some of the names, and perhaps families will amuse themselves by comparing lists.

Celebrities of Last Century

Here is one man's list of the greatest figures in the nineteenth century.

Military. Wellington, Nelson.

Statesmen. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Grey, Gladstone, Disraeli.

Literature. Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Carlyle.

Science. Darwin, Simpson, Lister, Jenner, Crookes, Herschel, Kelvin.

Painters. Lawrence, G. F. Watts, Burne-Jones.

Philanthropy. General Booth, Cardinal Newman, Lord Shaftesbury.

Empire Builders. Warren Hastings, Livingstone, Cecil Rhodes, Strathcona.

Many people will think the name of Florence Nightingale should be included; others will perhaps quarrel with the choice of statesmen.

At any rate, here is a subject ready-made for the debating society, and one that will test everybody's knowledge of modern English history.

ESPERANTO

There are 70 foreign radio stations which broadcast lessons in Esperanto.

Clever English schoolboys can make wireless sets to tune in to those stations, but very few of these boys can speak Esperanto. If they could, how much more excitement they would get from their valve sets! As radio breaks down the barriers of distance, so does Esperanto break down the barriers of language.

The first time Esperanto was broadcast was in July, 1922, from an American station. The next broadcast was from England, and after that 138 other stations followed. But, whereas the B.B.C. has almost dropped Esperanto, foreign stations have increased their use of it.

Probably this is because the big International Trade Fairs have often used it for their advertising and correspondence. In many countries, also, the police are given instruction in Esperanto, and it is taught as an optional subject in primary and secondary schools in Brazil, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Portugal, Sweden, and other countries, while it is compulsory in Switzerland for the final year class in all primary schools.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE HIGHLANDS

Glasgow's Poor Children A FINE EXAMPLE TO THE COUNTRY

It is one of the aims of the C.N. to let its readers know of the good that is triumphing in the world, instead of showing the surface bubbles of folly which some people seem to think is "life."

We therefore thank a kindly Scottish reader who sends us an account of a lecture on the success of the Glasgow Parish Council in boarding out the children of the poor who come under its care.

Great improvements have been made almost everywhere in this good work during the present generation, and Glasgow has, it seems, attained one form of success. Over 2000 children from that great city are now being boarded out with carefully selected foster-parents, largely in mountainous parts of the country. The children thus have the great advantage of a family life under wise supervision. Here is what is said of the results.

Two Gold Medallists

"The children look upon their houses as their homes. In many cases they return there on their holidays, and in after life spend their holidays there when they are married and have families of their own, just as if their guardians were their parents."

"If a child shows special aptitude it is encouraged to continue its studies and go on to a higher education. At this time two lads are being trained for the ministry, two girls as teachers, and one lad in law. Five boys are receiving higher education in one school alone. One is the head of his school and a gold medallist with the highest marks in his county. Another is head of his school and a gold medallist, and many have gained valuable bursaries. Last year 264 children were apprenticed to trades, and every encouragement is given to avoid blind-alley occupations."

Bravo, Scotland! It is what may be expected from the Scottish race, which has always appreciated the soundest pathways to an honourable future.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

On What Should Goldfish Be Fed?

Vermicelli, dried or fresh ants' cocoons, fish meal, and water fleas supplied twice a day. Any food uneaten should be removed so that the water may not become fouled.

Does the World Ever Increase or Decrease in Weight?

The Earth is constantly receiving small quantities of matter in the form of meteorites and meteoric dust and gases, and these must add slightly to its weight, as nothing is given off into space except possibly a very minute quantity of the atmospheric gases.

Where Was the Battle of Maserfeld Fought?

This battle, fought in 642, between Oswald of Northumbria and Penda of Mercia, resulting in the defeat and death of Oswald, is by some supposed to have been fought at Mirfield in Yorkshire, and by others at Oswestry, a town named after Oswald.

When Noon on Sunday at Greenwich What is it on the Other Side of the World?

The day starts on the opposite side of the world on the Date Line, which roughly follows the 180th Meridian. The day is therefore coming from East to West, and when it is noon on Sunday at Greenwich, Monday is just beginning on the Date Line.

What is an Animal?

Technically an animal is an organised living being possessing the attributes of sensation, of voluntary movement, of receiving and digesting food in an internal cavity previous to its absorption into the tissues, and absorbing oxygen and evolving carbon dioxide during life. In the lower forms of life, however, it is difficult to distinguish between animals and plants.

THE SUN AT HIS NEAREST

WHERE IS HE TAKING THE EARTH?

Speeding Through Space at a Million Miles a Day

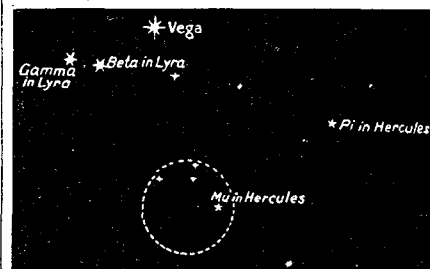
WHY NEW STARS BLAZE UP

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Earth, after approaching the Sun for the last six months at the rate of nearly 17,000 miles a day, will be at her nearest to him on Wednesday next, January 4, when she will be 91,300,000 miles away.

Then this growing proximity will cease, and our world will begin to recede at the same average rate until next July.

While the Earth has thus been gradually nearing the Sun during the last half of her annual revolution round him she has also been speeding through space, with the Sun, in a totally different direction. She has been moving toward a point at present appearing some way to the right of and below the bright star Vega, which may be seen rather



The region to which our Sun appears to be travelling.

low in the north-west sky. It cannot be mistaken, for Vega is the brightest star in that region.

So the Sun, while the Earth is making her annual revolution round him, is also drawing our world at the terrific speed of about a million miles a day in this other direction.

These two motions may be likened to those of a man who is walking round a ship's funnel and alternately getting nearer and farther from it, while at the same time the ship is carrying him in a totally different direction and at a much faster rate.

This explains why we never actually return to the same place in space. We are now, in fact, about 370 million miles from where we were this time last year, although we are, relative to the Sun, in almost exactly the same position.

Of course, as regards the stars or other suns, we never return to the same relative position; for they, like our Sun, are whirling through space at terrific speeds, and it is this motion that ultimately leads some of them to come in contact with inter-stellar material and so blaze up. Such catastrophes cause them to become so-called Novae, or new stars, for the time being—as has happened to the Nova in Taurus, which was described in the C.N. last week.

Uncountable Suns

About six such cataclysms are noted by astronomers as taking place somewhere in the heavens every year.

Of course, when the number of suns known to exist is taken into account, a number amounting to some thousands of millions, together with inconceivable numbers in the far depths beyond the powers of the greatest telescopes, it will be realised that these stellar catastrophes are really comparatively rare.

They are, moreover, usually very far away, the nearest known to have occurred being that of the Nova in Cygnus of 1920, which was calculated to have been approximately 125 light-years distant, or about 8 million times as far away as our Sun.

With such events taking place we have to face the possibility of such a fate overtaking our Sun and, of course, the Earth. The probability of this will be considered later.

G. F. M.

A Thrilling Adventure Story By Gunby Hadath Begins Next Week

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By
Marjory Royce

CHAPTER 30

Rafe Gives the Signal

THE Hermit was handing round a box of dates. "Have you the remotest idea why you were left here?" he said.

"Yes," answered Monica.

This seemed to surprise the Hermit. "Why?" he asked.

"Because Mr. Brackley went mad." "What, dear old Brackley mad? Who told you that?"

"He told us himself," said Monica Mildred. "He told me when we came that his brother thought him mad to have bought an island; and he said, just after, that he might be going mad. And he did, and that's why he forgot to call for us."

"Oh, my dear child!" said the Hermit, and he began to shake with laughter.

"You shouldn't laugh. I believe Mr. Brackley has been very kind to you, sir," interrupted Teddy. "He told us he had allowed you to stay on his island, and that he got you back to Glasgow. It's not kind to laugh if he really has gone mad."

"Quite so, quite so!" hastily agreed the Hermit. "And have you liked being here, Ted?"

"How did you know my name?" asked Edward Longdale.

"You look so like a Teddy," said the Hermit hurriedly. "You ought to have liked being here," he added. "All sorts of interesting things in that herbal, eh?"

"I expect you know it from cover to cover," remarked Teddy.

"I've never read it," was the astonished answer.

"A falsehood!" thought Rafe, watching steadily.

The Hermit seemed to realise his mistake, for he coughed quickly and went on.

"I'd like to give you some lessons in fishing. There are shoals of fish around. You did very badly there. You ought to have got far better meals in that way. But it must be remembered that you come from a town."

"How do you know?" said Rafe, like lightning.

"Your look, my dear boy, tells me," was the bland reply.

This was hardly fair, and Rafe felt very angry. He straightened his shoulders.

"Like to look in a mirror?" said the Hermit, pulling out a little pocket glass.

Rafe saw a very red face, as healthy as you could see anywhere, and rather uncombed fair hair.

Mad old man to say that he looked like a town boy; it was an insult! Rafe was vexed and uneasy.

"If you will take me out fishing I shall be very glad," Monica said.

"I will, indeed. It's a wonderful island, isn't it?" added the Hermit, with enthusiasm.

"It's lovely; all purple heather and grey rocks and white birds," replied the girl.

"What has been your worst experience?"

"There hasn't been any," said Monica, with wonder.

"Good girl! Good girl!" said the Hermit patting her on her back.

"That's taking a fine liberty," thought Rafe. "Did you write that message on the sands: 'Prepare to stay a while?'" he demanded abruptly.

"Why not?"

"Do tell us, please, sir, how you get over those rocks!"

"And what you do all day!"

"I got through, my boys, by a little passageway between, two

rocks. Just a narrow sand pathway. It's not very likely that you would find it; the entrance is concealed behind a rowan bush."

"But what did you do all day?"

"I chipped the rocks. These are the most interesting formations. And, Monica, I worried a good bit." "Oh, fancy worrying at your age! It's distinctly bad for the health," said the Medicine Man.

"I had a good deal of responsibility, you see. It's a great relief to me that it's all happily over."

"Mad again!" thought Rafe. "Responsibility, when he's only himself to deal with!" and he looked with rather curious eyes at the Hermit, who was absent-mindedly stretching out a leg to the fire, a leg in a grey flannel trouser rather wide at the hem. The crimson dressing-gown looked remarkably up-to-date. Odd!

"Surely you took some exercise," Teddy said.

"Well, I had a beach to myself at Sandyvreckan. I'll row you all round to see my beach when it's fine. I've got the Ghost beached outside," said the Hermit.

"No," thought Rafe, "you're not going to get us all marooned round there! We shall never find the way back through the rocks; if you take away the boat again."

"Do you have anybody calling regularly for the grocery order?" Monica Mildred was asking.

"I don't imagine anybody will come round with stores," the Hermit said. "Not now."

"But then we shall all starve."

"Not a bit of it," said the Hermit stoutly. "There's the fishing; and there are the hens. I called on the hens one night. I watched the whole transaction from Sandyvreckan Point. Imagine a chap arriving with poultry like that in the nick of time! It was good enough for a story-book."

Then Alastair proceeded to put a few questions to the Hermit.

"Please, sir, have you your pedigree with you?"

"Certainly not on such a wet day!"

"You're a McRockal, you say?"

A strange smile dawned on the Hermit's face. He sat there stirring the ashes of the fire with quite a respectable brogue shoe.

"Are you a McRockal of Raasay or a McRockal of Ardnamurchan?"

"Oh, I shall choose a McRockal of Ardnamurchan, if I may. It's a prettier name."

"But you are a McRockal?"

"It is really rather hard to believe it," said the Hermit thoughtfully.

"Aren't you sure?" said Rafe, all his suspicions aroused again. His hazel eyes blazed stormily.

"I say, I think it's fine enough for you to be going now, don't you?"

He could run the show, but with a strange man who did not know who he was life became too difficult. You had to master mad people and give them definite orders.

"I'm not going," said the Hermit calmly. "Don't any of you be frightened of me. I'm—"

But he had no time to finish his sentence, for Rafe, strung up with excitement, gave the signal of the raised eyebrows to John. In a moment the boys were on him, John tying his feet while Rafe bound his wrists with cord.

CHAPTER 31

The End of the Adventure

THE Hermit apparently let nothing upset him, not even a sudden assault of his hosts. He sat stolidly while the boys were tying him up, and when they had finished he did a strange thing.

He seemed to grow smaller, and with a turn of his wrist he twisted his hands out of Rafe's tight cord.

"I must teach you how to tauten up your muscles if you are ever tied up, Rafe," he said coolly. "Useful habit. And, John," bursting with one wrench John's foot knot and freeing his brown brogue shoes, "you really must be a Scout. Imagine tying a granny knot at your age! It never answers, lad."

"Why—why?" faltered John. They were all round him now, peering at him doubtfully. They seemed to recognise the gay ring of the voice.

"Give my beard a tug, Monica Mildred," commanded the Hermit.

Monica did not like to; but Hilary bent forward and gave a mighty pull.

"Now my wig," said the Hermit, bowing his snowy poll.

Alastair had it off in a second. "It is Prendy!" gasped Rafe.

And Prendergast it was, small; urbane, square of face, merry and careless of eye.

"I'm so sorry, sir," said poor Rafe.

"I do beg your pardon," faltered John.

"My dear old chaps, pray don't. I had tried you to your uttermost, I know. You must forgive me, but I have a mania for acting, and I was keen to see if I could impose on you all. To my great surprise, I've done it! I was only anxious that nobody should be really scared at any time, and I was so worried about that appalling storm."

"But, oh, please, what is it all about?" Teddy cried.

"Well, I don't wonder you are fogged. It's the queerest thing! But it's been rather jolly on the whole—tell me, hasn't it?" said Prendy, with an anxious look.

"It's been tophole," breathed Monica sincerely. "But do go on."

"You know, you young people, when you came to Scotland to stay with Mr. de Lisle that he told you frankly he would let you have some adventures."

"Oh, do you think he will?" came a chorus of eager voices.

"Of course—if you haven't had enough! He's home, and is fetching us tonight."

"Tonight!"

"Yes. We should get to Crow's Nest before dark. Ah Sing is going to have hot baths ready for everybody, and you will be able to change your clothes and tell us all about it."

"I shall see my kitten," said Rafe eagerly. "Can you tell us where all that roaring came from?"

"From that tiresome young beggar the Rajah wolf cub. I had to bring him over, because in De Lisle's absence I am responsible for him. He's going to the Zoo

directly we get back. I had him caged up, but I couldn't prevent his roaring occasionally, the young ruffian."

"Oh, I see," said Rafe with a great sigh.

"And I really was touching your hand to see if you were cold that night you woke up. I let you chase me; it wasn't the time to explain then. Now attend. The Brackleys are great philanthropists, great givers of money to folk less fortunate than themselves. The gentleman we call Uncle Bluster is very much interested in a boys' club in the poorest quarter of Glasgow. So am I. We wanted money to give a swimming-bath to the lads; you all enjoy swimming, so you can understand how desirable it is that they should have a chance of swimming, don't you?"

"Yes, yes," came in chorus.

"So Mr. Bluster and I collected some money to get the poor lads' swimming-bath; but we wanted five hundred pounds more. Swimming-baths are very expensive. Mr. Bluster Brackley one day had an argument with his brother as to whether British children were as tough as they used to be. He said it was no good giving those poor boys a swimming-bath; they wouldn't appreciate it; and he said children were no use nowadays. Then Mr. Bluster said he would prove to Mr. Blister that British children were still in a healthy state; that he would put some of them on a deserted island and leave them there all alone, and produce them, alive and kicking, at the end of three days. 'If you can do that,' says Blister, 'it will prove you're right, and in that case I will give you five hundred pounds.'"

"So Bluster told me his plan to put you all on this island, together with Miles, his guest, on condition that I was to be hidden here in case anything went seriously wrong. I agreed—but, it's been a pretty tough job!" he wound up with a laugh.

"Then you're not the Hermit?" said Alastair, with wide-open eyes.

"The hermit, poor chap, died in Glasgow. I had this wig and beard when I was in the Dramatic Society at Oxford; I heard there had been a hermit here once upon a time, so I just acted the part. I'm glad it's all over, but I couldn't help ragging you. I meant my ginger biscuit-tree for Corinne."

"So Uncle Bluster left us here on purpose, and isn't dead at all," said Monica, sighing with relief.

"No. Uncle Bluster is just longing for you all. He flew over one day and dropped a Union Jack to cheer you up. He wanted to see for himself that you weren't lying dead on the beach in rows because there were no shops," said Prendy, laughing. "We are going home tonight, and Mr. de Lisle means to give you a wonderful time."

The children were beginning to work out the story in their own heads. It took a little time, it was all so unexpected. But there was not much opportunity to consider things then. There wasn't time. The rain was stopping; the sun was coming out, and they had to pack. The hens had to be collected, and the goat. Corinne had to be dressed.

They wasted no time, and presently they were all waiting, ready, on the beach—a quaint party, with the Rajah in a cage, growling at Luath.

In the distance they could see the white funnel of the rescue boat with Mr. de Lisle and Uncle Bluster on board.

"Here, John! Catch hold of Luath," said Rafe; "he's yours, of course. You care for him most."

"Oh, may I?" cried John.

"Don't you mind?"

But Rafe didn't answer. He was folding up the flag. "I shall keep this," he said, tucking it under his arm, "all my life."

THE END

Who Was He?

A Great General

EIGHT hundred years ago Christian people had so far forgotten true Christianity that they tried to spread their faith by war. To the Mohammedans war might seem holy, as it did to the Jews. It could not be holy to the Christians; but they were so forgetful that they thought it holy. They lost their holy wars. And the best of them cut a poor figure compared with one of the Mohammedan rulers.

He was by birth a Kurd. The Kurds are still a warlike, unruly people, living on the borders of Turkey, Persia, and Iraq. But once they produced a really great man, a true nobleman. His father was a general named Ayyub, or Job, serving the ruler of Mosul (now in Iraq), and he helped Mosul to conquer Damascus. Of that city he became governor.

After Damascus, the ruler of Mosul wished to win Egypt. With his army went the son of Ayyub, and became Vizier in Cairo after it was taken. There he succeeded in bringing Egypt under the Sunnite faith. Afterwards he returned to Syria, which had been in rebellion, and reconquered it, united all the Mohammedans in the region round in the Sunnite faith and became himself ruler from Egypt to Mosul, and Mosul to Asia Minor.

This union of Mohammedans he had brought about for a religious reason. The Christian Crusaders had taken Jerusalem and made it the centre of a kingdom ruled by a French king. The leader of united Mohammedanism swept down on the ancient Jewish city, drove out its Christian rulers, and only left the port of Tyre in their hands.

The Christians of Western Europe were shocked by this defeat. From England, France, and Germany armies of Crusaders crossed the seas to recover Jerusalem from the Mohammedans. Their best general and most famous fighter was the English king, Richard the Lion-hearted. Then there followed a stern struggle between two great commanders. Richard was the cleverest general, but he was hampered by quarrels between the Christian leaders of different nations. They did not retake Jerusalem though they won several great victories, and finally they were glad to make peace with an honourable opponent. The Mohammedan general they confessed, was a model

of straightforwardness, chivalry, generosity, care for the weak, courtesy to his enemies. From him they learned much as to what an honourable soldier ought to be. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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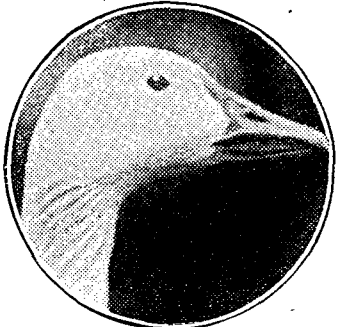


THE BRAN TUB

Beheaded Words

At first when seen I odd appear
In every person's eye,
But make me less I'll prove quite clear
I'm even as a die.
Diminish me a little more,
You'll find you then expose
What brings the days of rich and poor
Completely to a close. *Answer next week*

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery

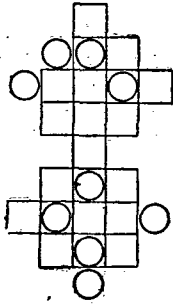


The Goose

The Goose, of which there are about forty species, is distributed over almost the whole of the world. It is found wild in the neighbourhood of lakes, marshes, and moors, and, though a somewhat heavy bird, is very strong in flight. The picture is of the Lesser Snow Goose, a nearly all-white species inhabiting North America, about whose habits little is as yet known.

A Double Diamond Word Puzzle

HERE is a new form of cross word puzzle. Put vowels in the circles and consonants in the squares, and when this is done correctly the letters make words reading down and across in the shape of two diamonds. The upright word in the centre is the name of something which, at this season, is usually found in a prominent position at parties. *Answer next week*

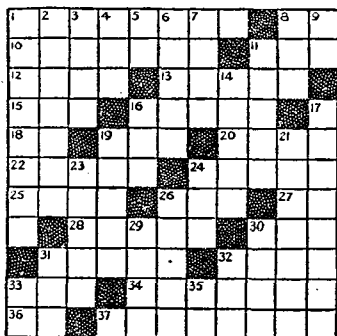


What Coins Are They?

IN currency English, I think you'll agree, four and four make just five, and two and two three. *Answer next week*

Cross Word Puzzle

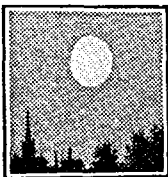
THERE are 48 words or abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below, and the solutions will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. Forsaken. 8. To walk. 10. The mouth of a river. 11. Noise. 12. Blemish. 13. Corn. 15. A head-covering. 16. Dutch colonists in South Africa. 18. Famous motor-car (abbrev.). 19. A firearm. 20. Summer confections. 22. The home of Fascism. 24. A desert haven. 25. To pierce. 26. An elastic fluid. 27. Chemical symbol for Davy. 28. Keen. 30. Shy. 31. A street Arab. 32. A hybrid animal. 33. Public conveyance. 34. A muscle producing a rolling motion. 36. Exists. 37. Makes level.

Reading Down. 1. To trace out. 2. Species of grass. 3. Finish. 4. Not in. 5. Louisiana (abbrev.). 6. A rare gas. 7. Rim of wheel. 8. A trap. 9. Above and touching. 11. Flat, circular plates. 14. Songs. 16. Purchase. 17. Tries. 19. A ray. 21. A phantom. 23. Spaces. 24. Used when rowing. 26. Birthplace of Columbus. 29. Young woman. 30. Sharp. 31. A juice given off by trees. 32. Coarse floor-covering. 33. Bachelor of Arts (abbrev.). 35. Famous motor-cycling test (abbrev.).

Other Worlds Next Week



shows the Moon as seen looking south at 10 p.m. on January 4.

Do You Know Me?

NUMBER one is in furrow but not in plough,
Number two is in promise but not in vow,
Number three is in custom but not in way,
Number four is in blossom but not in may,
Number five is in boulder but not in stone,
Number six is in music but not in tone,
Number seven's in twilight but not in gloom,
Number eight is in spinning but not in loom,
Number nine is in courage but not in fear,
Number ten is in engine but not in gear,
Number eleven's in sorrow but not in tear,
I'm now being made for the coming New Year. *Answer next week*

Do You Live in Lime Street?

THOROUGHFARES with this name are found in many cities and towns, such as London, Liverpool, and so on, and a Lime Street marks the site where in former days the lime-burners carried on their business. They may have burned the lime there or perhaps merely sold it.

Ici On Parle Français



La gargouille La prison Le fruit
Qui donc a sculpté cette gargouille?
La prison est entourée d'un mur haut.
J'ai envie de cette corbeille de fruits.

Things Just Patented

We have no further information concerning the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Stencil for Hats. Stencilled designs on ladies' hats are very popular, and the picture shows a new type of stencil used for this style of decoration. It is made of metal and is shaped like a hat, being somewhat larger, so that when it is placed over the hat which is to be decorated there is a space between hat and stencil. This enables a shaded effect to be obtained when the colour is sprayed through the holes which represent the design on to the hat. The advantage of this type of stencil is that the entire hat can be decorated without once removing the stencil.

The Picture Gramophone. Here is a splendid new toy gramophone which exhibits pictures as tunes are played. At the base of the spindle which carries the turntable a drum is fixed, and on the outer edge of the drum pictures are painted. In the side of the gramophone case is a little window, and as the turntable with the record on it revolves the drum also is carried round and the painted figures are seen passing by the window in realistic manner. Instead of the usual trumpet this toy gramophone has a hollow doll's head, the doll thus appearing to sing and talk.



Jacko Gets Busy

ADOLPHUS had a very good opinion of himself. He was more conceited than ever when he had done rather well in a football match, and everybody was talking about him.

"Just look at this!" he cried, waving a telegram in the air. "Here's the Monkeyville Chronicle wanting to publish my photograph!"

But it looked as if there would be no photograph to publish, for Adolphus didn't think any one he had good enough to send to a newspaper.

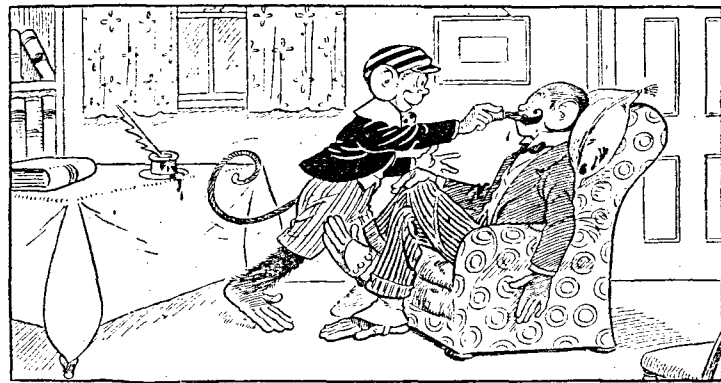
"They don't do me justice," he declared, looking at them all in disgust.

"What about this one?" said Jacko with a grin, producing a photograph he had found in Mrs. Jacko's writing-desk. But as it showed Adolphus crawling on a rug at the age of three Jacko only got a cuff for his pains!

"I really don't know what I shall do!" wailed Adolphus, looking at the photographs again. "Some of them make me look too fat and others make my ears stick out!"

"Well, have some more taken!" said Jacko; but just at that moment there was a rat-tat-tat at the door, and another telegram came to say that the newspaper was sending along its own photographer that very afternoon.

Of course Adolphus was overjoyed. He spent the rest of the morning trying on all his clothes and deciding which suited



Something was tickling his face

him best. In the end he chose a frock-coat and some very grand, striped trousers; and he even managed to get hold of some flowers for his buttonhole.

He certainly looked very fine, and he was so afraid of getting untidy that after lunch he settled himself carefully in an armchair and waited for the photographer's arrival.

He felt rather sleepy after a good lunch, though, and soon his head was nodding. When Jacko came into the room his brother was fast asleep.

"Coo! He has made himself look a guy!" exclaimed Jacko. "I wonder if I could do anything to brighten him up a bit?"

A few minutes later Adolphus stirred uneasily in his sleep. Something was tickling his face, but it wasn't enough to wake him up, and he kept on snoring till the door opened and in came the photographer.

Adolphus jumped up like a shot, smoothing the creases out of his beautiful trousers. The man stared at him with his mouth open; but Adolphus only smiled conceitedly, thinking that his fine clothes were creating a very favourable impression. However, when the man kept on staring he began to feel rather uncomfortable, and at last he looked in a mirror to see if his hair was untidy. *He had the shock of his life. While he had been asleep somebody had given him a big inky moustache!*

There was no need to ask who the somebody was. Adolphus made a dive at Jacko. But the young rascal was too quick for him.

Dr. MERRYMAN

He Meant it as a Compliment

MISS SMITH (who did not know they were to meet): Why, Mr. Brown, this is a pleasant surprise!
MR. BROWN (who did know): Not to me, as it happens, Miss Smith.

The Telegram

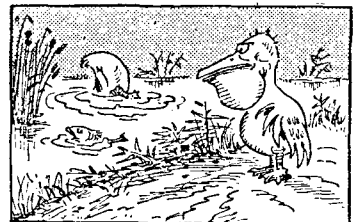
DID you send off that telegram I gave you to stop Mrs. Tompkin from coming for her portrait?

Yes, dear! But there was one word too many, so I struck one out.

Oh, which one was that? I said she was not to come as I had only just discovered that I couldn't paint today. Which word did you take out?

Today!

A Topsy-Turvy Meal



FATHER PELICAN thought with a frown:
There's a duck who behaves like a clown.
When she needs to be fed
She just stands on her head,
And she swallows her fish upside down!

Putting His Foot in It

SMITHKINS (at a crowded At Home):
What a dull party! I'm off!
Which way do you go home?

Son of the House (whom Smithkins ought to know, but doesn't): Well, as a matter of fact, I'm there now.

Do Not Tire, Man!

THERE was a queer person called Tyerman -
Who tried very hard to inspire Man.
When his friends all turned pale
He asked: "Shall I fail?"
And his friends all replied "Do not tire, man!"

The Oscillator

THE Oscillator is the nuisance who kills the joy of his neighbours by playing about with his wireless set and spoiling their reception. This picture of him is from the B.B.C. Oscillation Book, sent free to anybody applying for it to Savoy Hill.



This Oscillator thinks he can get Timbuctoo on one valve, and is perpetually annoying his neighbours by trying to do so.

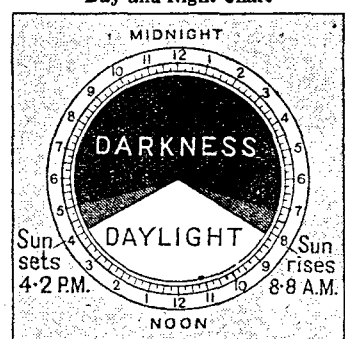
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1927	1926
London	5545..6032..	3766..4315
Glasgow	4699..4816..	1283..1265
Liverpool	1478..1437..	775..954
Birmingham	1289..1380..	765..821
Manchester	990..1049..	749..831
Belfast	648..698..	405..527
Sheffield	605..688..	413..430
Reading	126..131..	80..95
Grimsby	123..134..	82..78
Newport	119..156..	69..75
Exeter	92..75..	59..60
Darlington	85..93..	51..52

The four weeks are up to Nov. 26, 1927

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Christmas Word Square

G I F T
I C E S
F E T E
T S E Z

What Am I? Stocking.

A Yuletide Changeling.

Yule, rule, rude, ride, tide.

Curious Spelling

X, Y, D—Exc, Wye, Dee. L, E, G—elegy, N, R, G—energy. U, X, L—you excel.

A Christmas Tree Puzzle

Perambulator, Rattle, Engine, Soldier, Elephant, Noah's ark, Trumpet, Stocking= Presents.

A Puzzle Proverb

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Wheelbarrow.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

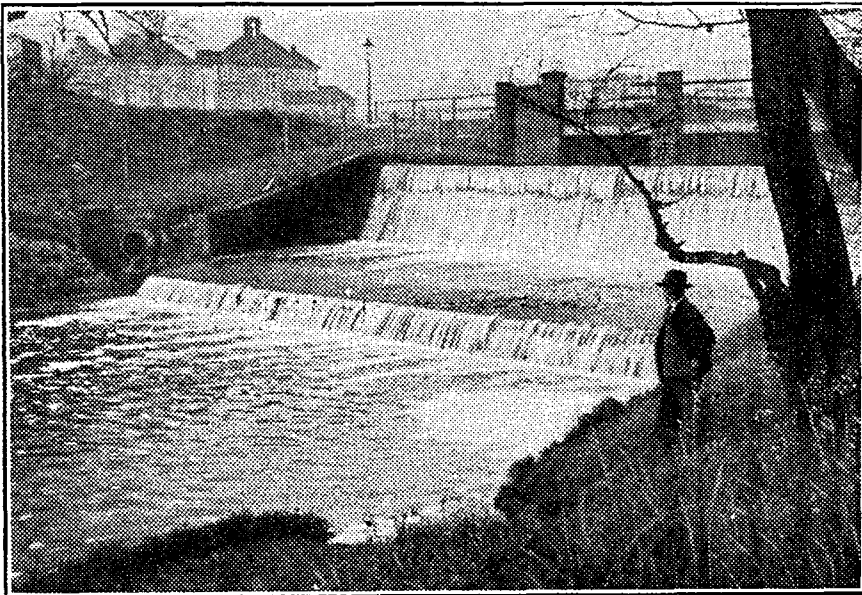
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 31, 1927

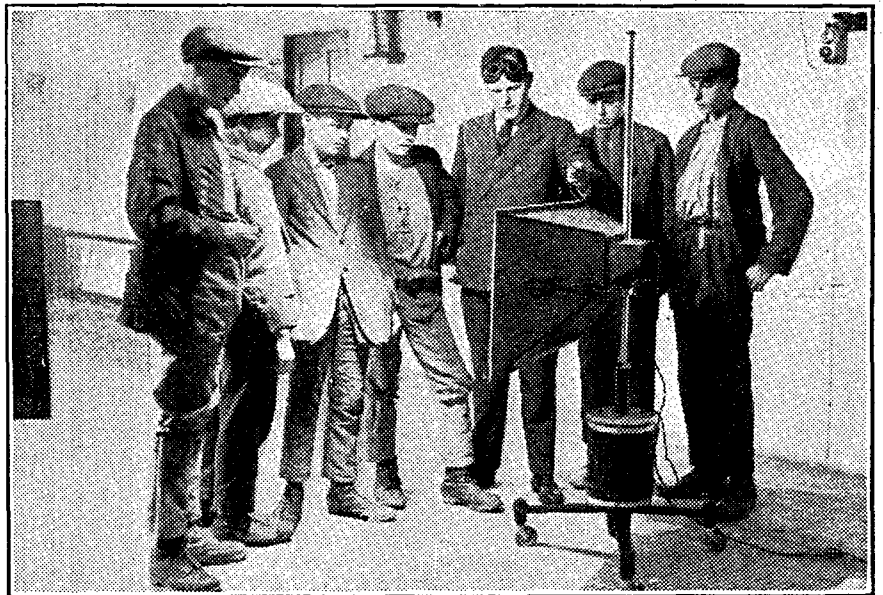
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

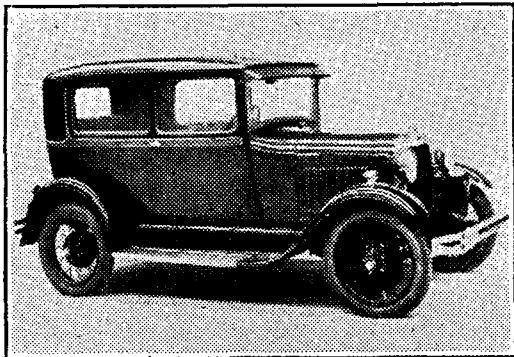
ARTIFICIAL SUNSHINE FOR MINERS · THE NEW FORD CAR · TAME WILD HARE



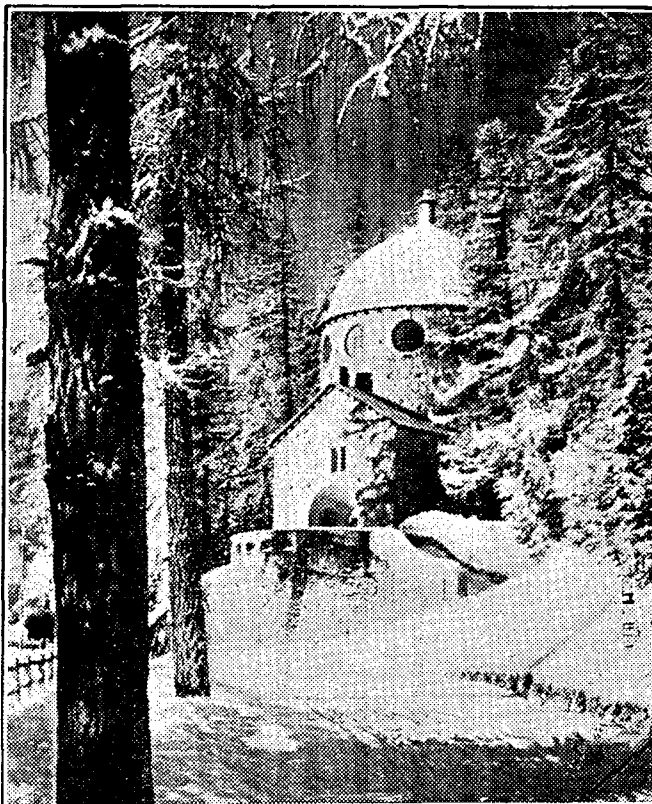
London's New Waterfall—The completion of part of the North Circular Road at Finchley gives Londoners a glimpse of this cascade as they ride by on buses bound for London Bridge.



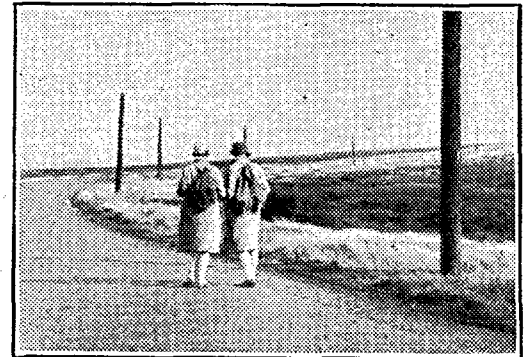
Artificial Sunshine for Miners—At Sherwood Colliery, Notts, the miners and pitboys are being treated with artificial sunlight. Here we see some of the boys interested in the new sun-lamp.



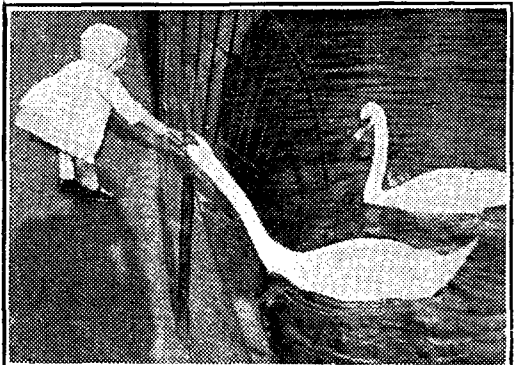
The New Ford Car—Mr. Henry Ford has produced a new car which, as this picture shows, is quite different from the familiar type. This new saloon model has many modern refinements, including Triplex glass.



Winter in Switzerland—Nowhere does winter bring greater beauty than in the Alps. This picture of snow and sunshine was taken near St. Moritz, the famous winter sports resort in Switzerland.



Telegraph Poles Without Wires—The telegraph wires on the Snake Pass, in the Peak District, have now been laid underground, but these posts were left standing to guide travellers when the road is covered with snow.



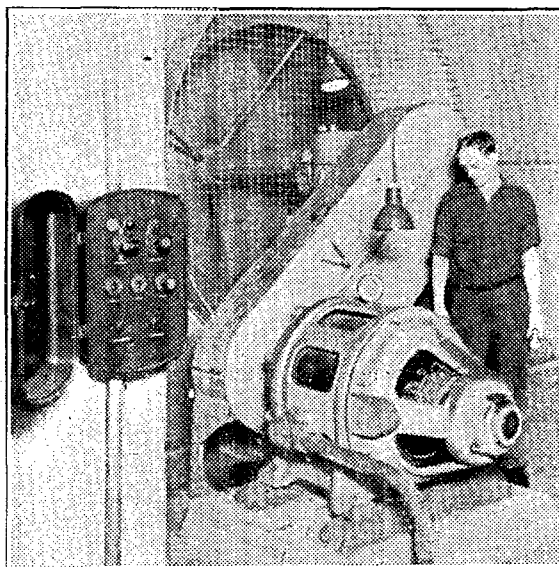
A Meeting in the Park—Daily visits to Regent's Park have made the swans so familiar and friendly with this little girl that they will eat pieces of bread out of her hand.



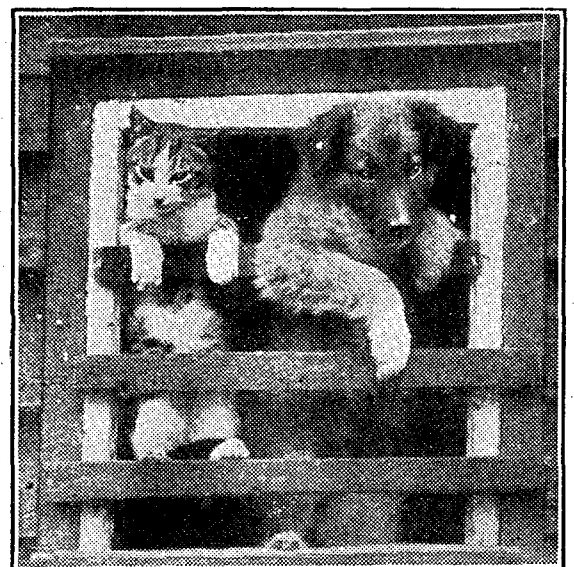
Ships of the Desert in the Sea—This unusual picture from the North African coast shows some camels enjoying a paddle in the surf on a very hot day recently.



Tame Wild Hare—A remarkable instance of the tameness of a wild animal is shown in this picture. The boy is making friends with a wild hare which lives on a Norfolk poultry farm.



Under New York's River—Ventilation was a serious problem in building the two-mile tunnel under the Hudson River at New York. Here is a big electric fan taking in fresh air. See page 3.



Two Friends Look Out at the World—The cat and the sheep-dog puppy in this picture are the best of friends, and they are here seen sharing the window of the barn which is their home.

EVERYBODY'S CHANCE IN THE NEW YEAR—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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